

MAR 15 1951

SCREENLAND

ANC

January

15¢

EXTRA!

Hollywood
Facts Of Life
For 1950!

Susan Hayward and
William Lundigan

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So, at the first sign of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR KEEPS



Mayor of Monte Carlo marrying Errol Flynn and Patrice Wymore at the civil ceremony.



Errol and Pat following the religious ceremony at French Lutheran Church in Nice.



At wedding party aboard Errol's yacht. The newlyweds are now in "Rocky Mountain."

SCREENLAND

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JANUARY, 1951

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Silvered with stars, spangled
with song, and wrapped up
in romance...

M-G-M says "Happy New Year"
with the tops in Technicolor
musicals!

It's a lulu of a
hula-happy musical
actually filmed on a
tropic island paradise.

M-G-M presents
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

starring
ESTHER WILLIAMS

wooded with songs by
HOWARD KEEL

that "Annie Get Your Gun" guy!

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HEAR THE FAMED
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"
and others:

"Sea Of The Moon"
"House Of Singing Bamboo"
"Why Is Love So Crazy"
"Singing In The Sun"
"Tahiti"

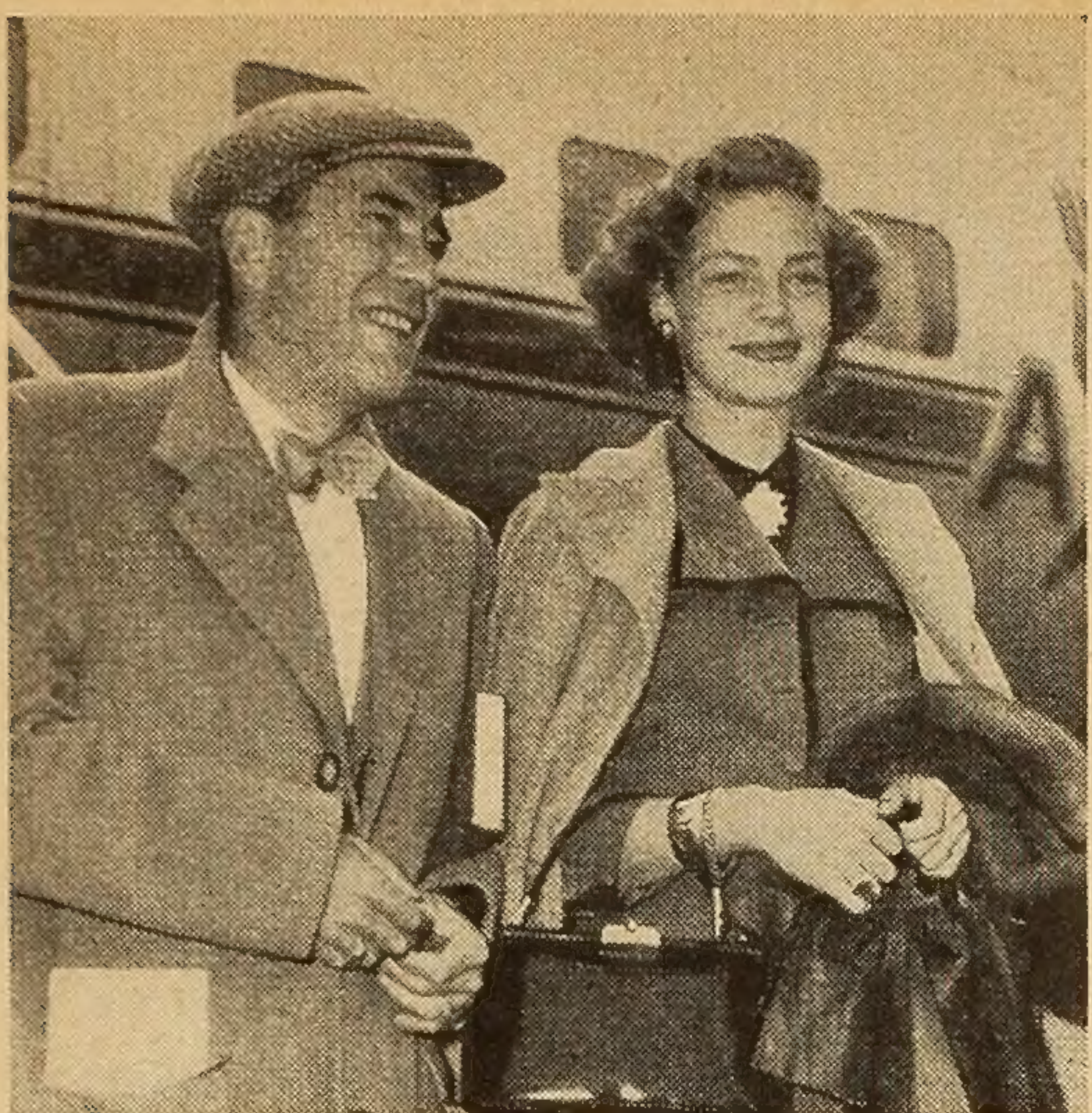
SUNG BY THE STARS IN
THE M-G-M RECORDS ALBUM

Screen Play by ROBERT NATHAN
and JERRY DAVIS • Based on the Book
"TAHITI LANDFALL" by WILLIAM S. STONE

Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED

Directed by ROBERT ALTON • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



The Humphrey Bogarts (Lauren Bacall) at La Guardia Airport after arriving for N. Y. visit.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

IT'S QUITE nice to know that after that big British wind died down over an American actress, name of Irene Dunne, playing Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark," the picture was then chosen to be shown at this year's Command Performance. Not only are our English cousins enthusiastic about the picture—they loooove Missy Dunne who is slightly irresistible when she turns on that charm. Irene had hardly unpacked in Hollywood from her stay in Europe, when she had to throw the clothes in the trunk and go back for the occasion.

* * *

Brand new star, Tony Curtis, glittering in his new dressing room at Universal-International, shared an apartment for a time with that well-known character Marlon Brando, but didn't get enough rest so he's back solo. Tony's new picture, "The Prince Who Was A Thief," will really show off the young man's shape. His 13th Century type bathing suit would make a stripteaser go on strike. You know why, all of a sudden, Tony's a real genuine star? Because you fans who have seen him do only small parts in five pictures have absolutely drenched him in letters. If he's that important to the fans, sez the studio, he's important to us, too.

* * *

And over at RKO everybody's been yakking it up about Janet Leigh's latest romantic episode which concerns none other



Traditional New Year's toast of people in love, shared by Anne Baxter and John Hodiak.

than the boy we've been talking about up there in the preceding paragraph, Tony Curtis. After a quick whirl in New York, Janet has settled down to work in her new musical, "Two Tickets To Broadway," and her leading man is another Tony named Martin.

Just to give you a slight indication of how things are with Shirley Temple and her former mother-in-law—Shirley, flanked by her new heart, Charles Black, and his family and leading little Susan, came face to face with Mrs. Agar, dining at the restaurant they had chosen. It was their first meeting since the divorce. Mrs. Agar smiled and spoke, but all she got in return was a deep, deep freeze from Shirley.

* * *

Kirk Douglas is a happy man. His new picture for Warners, called "The Travelers," is a Western-type movie and this one he won't mind letting his two young sons take a gander at.

* * *

Another guy turned cowpoke is boy singer Vic Damone, but not on the screen. MGM wanted some still shots of Damone in cowboy clothes. Vic asked studio wardrobe to let him wear a pair of Clark Gable's high heeled boots for luck. When last seen he was still stuffing paper in the toes, getting them down to size.

* * *

Maggie Whiting told me, shortly before the birth of her baby, that she was betting the infant would be a boy because her doctor had told her to expect a little gal. So, it turns out the doc was the best guesser after all.

* * *

When Jane Wyman brought Maureen and Michael out to U-I to visit their



Left: When Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, gave a benefit barbecue at their ranch in Hidden Valley, Dorothy Lamour supplied songs for the 700 guests who attended.



Right: Recently New York's El Morocco patrons, who are well accustomed to glamorous fare, sat up and took notice of handsome twosome Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker.



Now making his headquarters in New York, Frank Sinatra gathers at Toots Shor's in agreeable company of old pal Van Heflin, Joe E. Lewis and proprietor Shor.



Paying a call on reporter-commentator Frances Scully is Esther Williams with the doll she carried at benefit for her special charity, visually handicapped children.

haunting Director Mark Robson's set of "Lights Out," watching him do setups, camera angles, and whatnot just to get the feel of how a director makes like a director. The why of this, apart from the fact that Shelley likes to learn new things, is that she's interested in staging some shows at one of Hollywood's best known little theatres, The Circle.

* * *

That glammer man Ezio Pinza gets asked the darndest questions—probably because he knows all the answers, even to the foolish variety. Some character asked him what his favorite love scene was. Tactfully (and the man is loaded with tact) he left his private life out and did a neat dodge when it came to

choosing between Mary Martin and Lana Turner by allowing that *any* love scene was an actor's favorite.

* * *

Betty Grable's studio bowling team wears the same colors that her jockeys do when they race la G's nags around toward the homestretch. The colors—red and white. On the back of the 20th Century-Foxes' jerseys are pictures of Betty's legs. The team is called "Betty's Leg Men." The team Lana Turner sponsors at MGM is called "The Turner Toppers." Why?

* * *

When the good-looking Peter Thompson finished his Santa Monica beach-house, which he built with his own two hands,

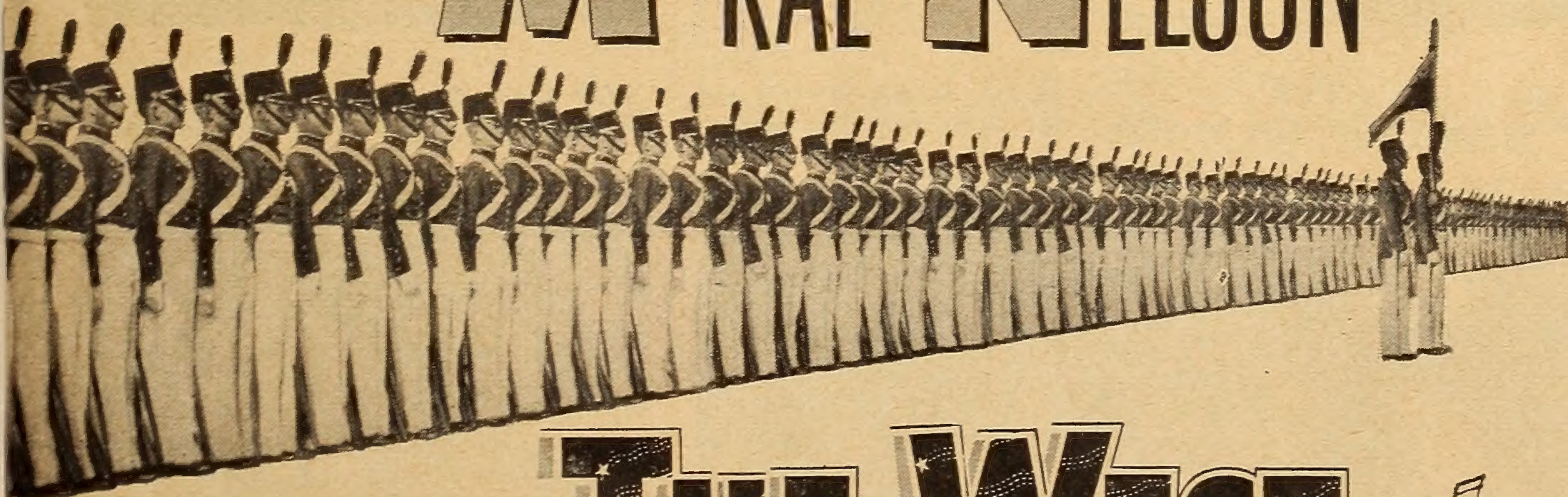
he was all ready to move into same when Columbia Studios picked up his dropped option at MGM. So—reluctantly the lad shopped around for a small apartment just a spit and a holler from his new studio and went to work in "Santa Fe." The beautiful beach house was rented to that handsome Britisher Stewart Granger who is under contract to Peter's ex-studio, MGM. Stewart and Jean Simmons may be hitched by now in spite of Jean being tied to her J. Arthur Rank deal in England. MGM has her fiance sewed up tight in Hollywood, but chances are Jean will stay here for a spell until her boss needs her.

* * *

Folks are already wondering what's

JAMES VIRGINIA DORIS
CAGNEY MAYO DAY

GORDON GENE
MACRAE NELSON



THE WEST

POINT STORY

"By the Kissing Rock"
"It's Raining Sundrops"

"Military Polka"

"You Love Me"
"Long Before I Knew You"

"Brooklyn"

going to happen, when and if Errol Flynn returns to Hollywood with a bride named Pat Wymore, to Errol's good friend and ex-mother-in-law, who has been acting as his secretary, hostess and manager for some time. The two gals got along fine during their brief meeting in Hollywood so maybe they'll continue to. Pat shelled out a big fat fifteen hundred bucks for her wedding dress—a little number with four nylon skirts, much horsehair ruffling, real lace over satin, and a fingertip veil peppered with real pearls. Her introduction to Hollywood and Bevhills society should be coming off about now.

* * *

Eleanor Parker got so interested in Valentino lore while making a picture of the same name that she went visiting the various Valentino shrines in and around the town. Got to one just in time. It was the house the Great Lover owned before he moved into Falcon's Lair, a rococco Spanish type with grill-work, tile roof, swimming pool, and an inlaid colored tile threshold inscribed "Villa Valentino." The house was about to be pulled down to make way for progress in the form of a new super



On her Colorado Springs trip Virginia Mayo met Roger, a local devotee of cheesecake.

Bill Lundigan waits his turn while Jeanne Crain signs the Crusade for Freedom scroll.



highway. Lots of younger generation characters are finding out about the fabulous Valentino through TV—where his old films are being shown.

* * *

Family stuff on the RKO lot: Jane Greer, feeling much like a mother, with her oldest child, 3-year-old Albert, already going to nursery school. Bob Ryan's son Timothy acted in his pop's picture "Best Of The Bad Men." He wasn't impressed with anything but his pay, which was a super double-decker ice cream cone. And Dana Andrews' brother Bill got in on the act with a small part in Dana's picture, "Gaunt Woman." He's a full-fledged actor, not just there for kicks.

Liz Taylor, the old married woman, had to go back to school when she started her new pic at MGM called "Father's Little Dividend," although she graduated from high school last June. This time she's taking a course in how to care for a baby. This is strictly for realism in the picture, but, who knows, her new knowledge may come in handy other ways.

* * *

Petey Lawford and Maureen O'Hara knocked themselves—and maybe the horses—out learning to ride real good for their new picture together called "Kangaroo," which 20th will make in Australia. Besides the saddle practice, Pete has to learn to crack a bull-whip, which is considerably harder than throwing one—bull, that is.

* * *

And speaking of bull—that lady of the wide-open ranges, Greer Garson, has shoved her Oscar back in the corral and is now exhibiting with pride nine blue ribbons which her one prize bull and five heifers nabbed off at the Albuquerque State Fair.

* * *

Diana Lynn's standin, Fran Shore, is marrying one of my favorite people, Frankie Westmore, youngest of the famous makeup clan. When we first met



Andy MacIntyre seems about to break up a tete a tete between his wife, Marilyn Maxwell, and host Danny Stradella, whose Hideaway Restaurant the couple visited during New York sojourn.

Lunch at the Stork for Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson. She is in his new picture.



this young man he could have still been in short pants—if they'd been in style—and he turned out to be a real nice boy and a crackerjack makeup artist.

* * *

Jeanne Crain wasn't behind the door when the brains were passed around. She repeated her very successful program of taking a course of physical exercise at Terry Hunt's conditioning emporium after the birth of her third son and before taking off on her latest picture at 20th called "Take Care Of My Little Girl."

* * *

Betty Hutton's all excited about her next screen role at Paramount. She'll do the life of that famous entertainer Blossom Seeley. Now, what I'd like to do is blow on the old crystal ball, look into the future and find out who's going to do Betty's life—it'd make a terrific movie.



Claudette Colbert stopping off in New York on her way to Command Performance in London.

That purty Swedish gal, Marta Toren, thinks maybe she'll take a special trip to San Diego some day with the biggest wardrobe any gal ever sported. On location there with Macdonald Carey for "Mystery Submarine," Marta faced gangs of movie fans clustered around her hotel morning after morning in the same old outfit—a soiled lavender dress, a white wool jacket, and sneakers plus various bruises she collected scrambling up, down and around a de-commissioned Navy submarine. An onlooker asked Marta if the picture was a Technicolor number. She cracked back, "No, it's a black-and-blue."

* * *

Barry Sullivan and Don Taylor got ambitious and started building themselves a beach house which their families are going to share—if and when it gets finished. There really isn't much collaboration on the actual building—Barry was busy in "Inside Straight," so Don took on the work. When Barry finished his picture Don was called to MGM for "Father's Little Dividend," so the planning is going on by penny postcard mostly.

(Please turn to page 16)

Prettying up for San Francisco "Three Secrets" premiere are Pat Neal and Ruth Roman.



Which Ones Did You See?

LISTED below are 25 pictures and we're anxious to know which of them you've seen. We fully realize that you're choosy about what you see and therefore we're terribly anxious to find out exactly which of the 25 you decided to see. It will help us tremendously to know because then we'll be able to publish just the sort of stories and pictorial features you're interested in. Don't check off any picture you actually haven't seen. That won't help a bit. Just check the ones you've really seen.

For the trouble and inconvenience this will cause you we have on hand a supply of 500 free copies of the February issue of Screenland to give away. So send in your list with the pictures you've seen checked off and, if it's on time, we'll send you free a copy of the February issue of Screenland. As long as the supply lasts we'll send out the copies. So get your list in fast.

And now here are the 25 pictures. Check the ones you've seen. It will be a big help to us in bringing you precisely the stories and features you most want to read. Please don't check any picture unless you've really seen it.

Editor, SCREENLAND

444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

I Saw These Movies—

Barricade
Cinderella
Dear Wife
Devil's Doorway
Father Of The Bride
Key To The City
Man On The Eiffel Tower
My Friend Irma Goes West
Nancy Goes To Rio
No Sad Songs For Me
Our Very Own
Slattery's Hurricane
So Young So Bad
Stage Fright
Sword In The Desert
The Big Lift
The Black Rose
The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady
The Happy Years
The Men
The Petty Girl
The Sleeping City
Wagonmaster
Winchester 73

(Please
Check)

Name

Street

City..... State.....

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

By
Rahna Maughan

Harvey

Universal-International

STARRING James Stewart in the now famous role of *Elwood P. Dowd*, the gentleman who outsmarted reality by producing the 8th wonder of the world: *Harvey*, a 6' 3" rabbit who drinks martinis, has a philosophical attitude toward life and can perform astounding miracles. Anyone with any sense knows *Harvey* is just an alcoholic by-product of *Elwood's* imagination, but *Elwood's* sister, Josephine Hull, a delicate reminder that there *was* a Victorian era, isn't a bit amused and wants him committed. Psychiatrist Cecil Kellaway attempts to pry *Elwood's* vivid imagination away from him, and succeeds so well that he and *Harvey* spend a few hours getting quietly plas-

tered. Delightfully adapted from the original Broadway play, none of the effects are lost with Miss Hull and Stewart heading the excellent cast, and, of course, *Harvey* is the handsomest rabbit I've ever seen.

Two Weeks With Love (Technicolor)

MGM

SPARKLING burgundy couldn't have more life and color than this latest musical starring Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban. As the 18-year-old daughter of Ann Harding and Louis Calhern, Jane has a difficult time convincing her doting parents that she's practically a woman. During the family's two-weeks vacation at a Catskill mountain resort, Jane shows how really

June Haver and Gloria De Haven are a singing-dancing sister act in "I'll Get By."

Right: James Stewart, whose pal is an invisible rabbit, and Josephine Hull in "Harvey."



womanly she is by promptly falling in love with Ricardo. No one takes her seriously until Papa Calhern is convinced his little girl is honest-to-gosh unhappy in love, which even in those days was proof positive. Jane's dream sequences are delightful fantasy, and Papa Calhern is a bewildered, blundering charmer who gives the picture many of its more whimsical moments.

So Long At The Fair

Rank—Eagle Lion Classics

PARIS in the Spring has been touted by travel agencies and travelers in the know, since the first Frenchman bubbled *oui*. However, nothing has ever been said about the sort of predicament Jean Simmons, a genteel young Englishwoman, finds herself in when she and older brother David Tomlinson become embroiled in chilling intrigue. Frere Tomlinson disappears one night, and along with him his hotel room, and all evidence that he's ever set foot in Paris. No one believes Jean's strange story except artist Dirk Bogarde (*who rates an assortment of enthusiastic oo-la-las*) and even he is dubious until he finds



Linda Darnell is drawn to Joseph Cotten after he redeems himself in "Two Flags West."

the missing room, the reason why it was so ingeniously concealed and what happened to Tomlinson. An ever present quality of suspense and mystery make this a mint of enjoyment.

To Please A Lady MGM

CLARK GABLE is perfectly content racing cars, joshing the girls, and having a gay, free time for himself when along comes Miss Barbara Stanwyck and—zingo—life isn't easy. Barbara, a live-wire, frustrated columnist accuses him of deliberately killing a man and has him barred from race tracks. However, deep inside her, primitive passion rages for her brawny whipping-boy. Why Clark finally goes for her, too, is a



mystery but a clue is revealed as he slaps her, then pulls her into his arms, murmuring through his teeth: "We're alike you and me, baby." A truer statement was never made, and it's a darn good thing Barbara slips into a décolletage gown for one scene, otherwise the difference would have been even more difficult to discern. As an auto-racing film, this is excellent. As an insight into career women, it's mere male propaganda to keep women chained to the kitchen stove.

Jackpot 20th Century-Fox

EVERYTHING is just average in the James Stewart family but James thinks he and wife Barbara Hale are hopelessly set in a too comfortable middle-class rut. Then, as if a mischievous pixie agrees, and wants to stir things up a bit, Jimmy wins, via a radio quiz show, a huge jackpot: live pony, dead steer, watches, a loose-wristed male interior decorator, a tight-bosomed female portrait painter, plus sundry other interesting prizes. Strictly manna from heaven—until income tax, sex and jealousy rear their ugly heads, and even they, along with all the other unexpected difficulties, are funny. A jackpot of easy-going humor which demonstrates why you had better look a gift horse in the mouth.

The Sound Of Fury United Artists

DESPERATE because he's out of a job and can't support his pregnant wife and young son, Frank Lovejoy allows himself to team up with Lloyd Bridges, a petty holdup man. Ambitious, Bridges decides to kidnap the son of the town's leading citizen, and reluctantly, Lovejoy assists in the snatch, thinking his part of the ransom money will be enough so he can retire from his brief criminal career. Unfortunately, despite Lovejoy's efforts, Bridges murders their victim. From there, it's only a matter of time until they are captured, but what happens to the incensed townspeople is a raw, vicious study of human nature at its lowest ebb. Long

Left: Indian arrows finish off Errol Flynn when he and his group of eight men make last desperate attempt to swing a victory for the near-defeated Confederacy by capturing the West in Warners' "Rocky Mountain."

Right: In his despair at being unable to get a job and support his wife and child, ex-GI Frank Lovejoy takes up a life of crime under expert tutelage of his new-found friend, hoodlum Lloyd Bridges in "Sound Of Fury."



Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck don't always see eye-to-eye in "To Please A Lady."

after leaving the theatre, the lynch scene will live in your memory as one of the screen's most shocking dramas:

I'll Get By (Technicolor) 20th Century-Fox

SONG-PLUGGERS and publishers are a special breed of people, a fact which publisher William Lundigan proceeds to demonstrate with as much vigor and brass as a tail-gate trombone soloist. More subdued is singer June Haver but she, too, glissades into a riff that really jumps when the object of her affections, William, unknowingly lets guest-star Jeanne Crain introduce one of his new songs instead of love-pie June. Near tragedy strikes since June realizes her mistake after William is shipped out to the South Pacific by the U. S. Marine Corps. Along with the Lundigan-Haver affair, Gloria De Haven and Dennis Day are also at odds. The only person apparently happy is Harry James, he's got his trumpet and Betty Grable's waiting at home. Nicely laced together with some fine music and songs and guest attractions Dan Dailey, Vic Mature and Reginald Gardner.

(Please turn to page 14)





Left: In MGM's "The Miniver Story," a sequel to "Mrs. Miniver," Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are faced with post-war adjustment problems.

Right: Jane Powell, an 18-year-old with a vivid imagination, as she pictures herself in her fanciful dreams in "Two Weeks With Love," gay musical.



Highway 301

Warner Brothers

THE brutal saga of a wolf-pack of gunmen, headed by Steve Cochran, which up to a point successfully evades the authorities. Strewn along the gang's path of holdups are the bodies of a number of innocent people who have interfered with Operations Heist. Included is Steve's girl after she is determined not to have anything further to do with Steve and/or his rotten life. Lots of hair-raising man-hunt scenes, with emphasis laid on the shrewd police work which brought about the obliteration of the entire mob.

Tripoli

(Technicolor)

Paramount

RIP-SNORTING adventure about the first days of the U. S. Marine Corps when they got involved with

desert chieftains and Maureen O'Hara. Marine Lieutenant John Payne is in charge of the expedition to gain entry into a North African port where the Marines hope to establish a vital base. Chieftain Philip Reed, whom Maureen wants to marry, pulls a double-cross and John and his cohorts are confronted with more trouble than they anticipated. Because this picture doesn't make any pretenses—it is hoped—you aren't too taken aback when what looks like an impenetrable stone wall sways as John clammers up the side, and the fact that three-quarters of the lush scenery is obviously painted canvas.

The Miniver Story

MGM

GREER GARSON really suffers in this one! The War is over, and England is going through its reconstruction phase as Greer finds out she's only got a few more months to live; her daughter,

Naive James Stewart runs into a bit of trouble when he goes to have his portrait painted by artist Pat Medina as one of his radio quiz prizes in 20th Century's "The Jackpot."



Cathy O'Donnell, is playing around with a roue; and her romance with Air Force flyer John Hodiak can't possibly survive now that her husband, Walter Pidgeon, has returned from the wars. Every tear-jerking gimmick is wrung dry in what obviously is the last of the *Miniver* stories. Enough tears should

Dick Powell subdues menace William Conrad in this scene in "Cry Danger," RKO thriller.





Philip Reed woos beautiful Maureen O'Hara in Paramount's "Tripoli," U.S. Marine saga.

be shed by women moviegoers to float the entire *Miniver* clan, and send them sailing into the fading sunset.

Two Flags West

20th Century-Fox

SINCE men are needed to fight the Indians on the frontier, a band of Southern prisoners of war volunteer to join the Northern army. Led by Joseph Cotten, who doesn't like the Yankees one darn bit, the men nevertheless make a courageous show of stemming the tide of blood-thirsty braves. Widow Linda Darnell causes additional turmoil with the emotions of her brother-in-law, Jeff Chandler, a Union officer, and that leaves Captain Cornel Wilde, a nice guy, to tackle the job of clipping the thorn hedge that stands between the Yankees and the Southerners. Fast-moving action, and thrills galore should make this a *must* for adventure fans.

Rocky Mountain

Warner Brothers

SENT to California to enlist the aid of a local band of renegades, Errol Flynn and his ragged group of eight (Please turn to page 68)

Gunman Steve Cochran makes a play for Virginia Grey in Warner Bros.' "Highway 301."



"We sailed 3 oceans ...without leaving port!"

says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring with GREGORY PECK in WARNER BROS.
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER" Color by TECHNICOLOR



Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw!



The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands...



But soothing Jergens on my hands, arms and face...



Softened and smoothed my skin for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)



Left: Laurette Luez will add allure to MGM's production of "Kim," based on Rudyard Kipling's classic story. "Kim" stars Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell and Paul Lukas and was filmed mainly in India on the sites described in the book.



Right: On the Montreal location for 20th Century's "The Scarlet Pen" Linda Darnell and Constance Smith, the new Irish discovery, became fast friends, did their sightseeing together. Story was basis for a French film some years ago.

Coleen Gray, just back from making a picture in Europe, had to leave her brand new wardrobe behind when U-I summoned her to be Steve McNally's leading lady in "Apache Drums." She took a flying machine back to the Hollywoods and left instructions with a pal to send her new pretties across by boat. When last heard from they were still enroute and Coleen is right sure the unused garments will arrive after styles have taken a drastic new trend.

* * *

Vic Mature's bad accident in Montana was the first of a series of bad breaks which the 20th Century-Fox company of "Wild Winds" experienced. Next mishap was when John Lund got sick. Then it seemed that the weather might turn to snow any minute, so everybody just gave up and came home. Vic was on crutches for quite a spell as a result of his motor bike crackup.

* * *

Scott Brady, the perennial apartment shopper-arounder, finally found himself one he thinks he'll learn to love. It has

a garbage disposal which gets fed better than its owner. So far he's only had a few thousand complaints from the other tenants in the building and several courses of instruction in its use by his mother. But it's okay—he only has to



Veronica Lake and Edward G. Robinson at dinner party at Stork Club in Manhattan.



Doris Day of "West Point Story," with son Terry foil the rain with oil-skins.



Lately Paulette Goddard forsook Mexico, where she had spent so much time, to come to New York to see writer Cy Howard. Their romance was keeping columnists in a state of suspense.



A glad reunion between Victor McLaglen and Danny Kaye at famed Savoy Hotel in London.

have it overhauled every other Thursday.

* * *

Fans of Howard Duff are pretty well teed off because he's no longer radio's *Sam Spade*. We just might have a little more lowdown on the sitchiation next month to pass along. Howard and Ida Lupino are still a romantic bet.

* * *

Famous circus clown Emmett Kelly confounded Universal by insisting on personally taking a 40-foot leap from the top of a circus tent in "The Fat Man." Usually these dangerous stunts are done by special guys called, of course, stunt men. Reason Kelly insisted was because he's taken many a 100-foot plunge from many a big top in his long career as America's No. 1 boy in the clown department.

* * *

Two gals who have something in common, Barbara Hale and Betty Garrett, have something else in common. Barbara, who was Larry Parks' "reel" wife in "Jolson Sings Again" and Betty, who is Larry's "real" wife, are both expecting their second stork visits in February. They've booked adjoining rooms at the same hospital.



At the Stork Jimmy Durante entertains his gal Marjorie Little in true Durante style.



Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*...or your money back!

**Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften,
Whiten, Heal Red, Rough**

"Housework Hands"—Chapped Hands!

• **Doctors' tests prove it!** If your hands are red, rough and chapped from dishwashing, housework, endless chores... they can look lovelier in 24 hours! *In actual tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed great improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema medicated hand care.

Read what Noxzema can do for you

1. Help red, rough "Housework Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, sore, chapped skin!
3. Help heal tiny surface cuts, cracks!
4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
5. And—it's a dainty greaseless cream!

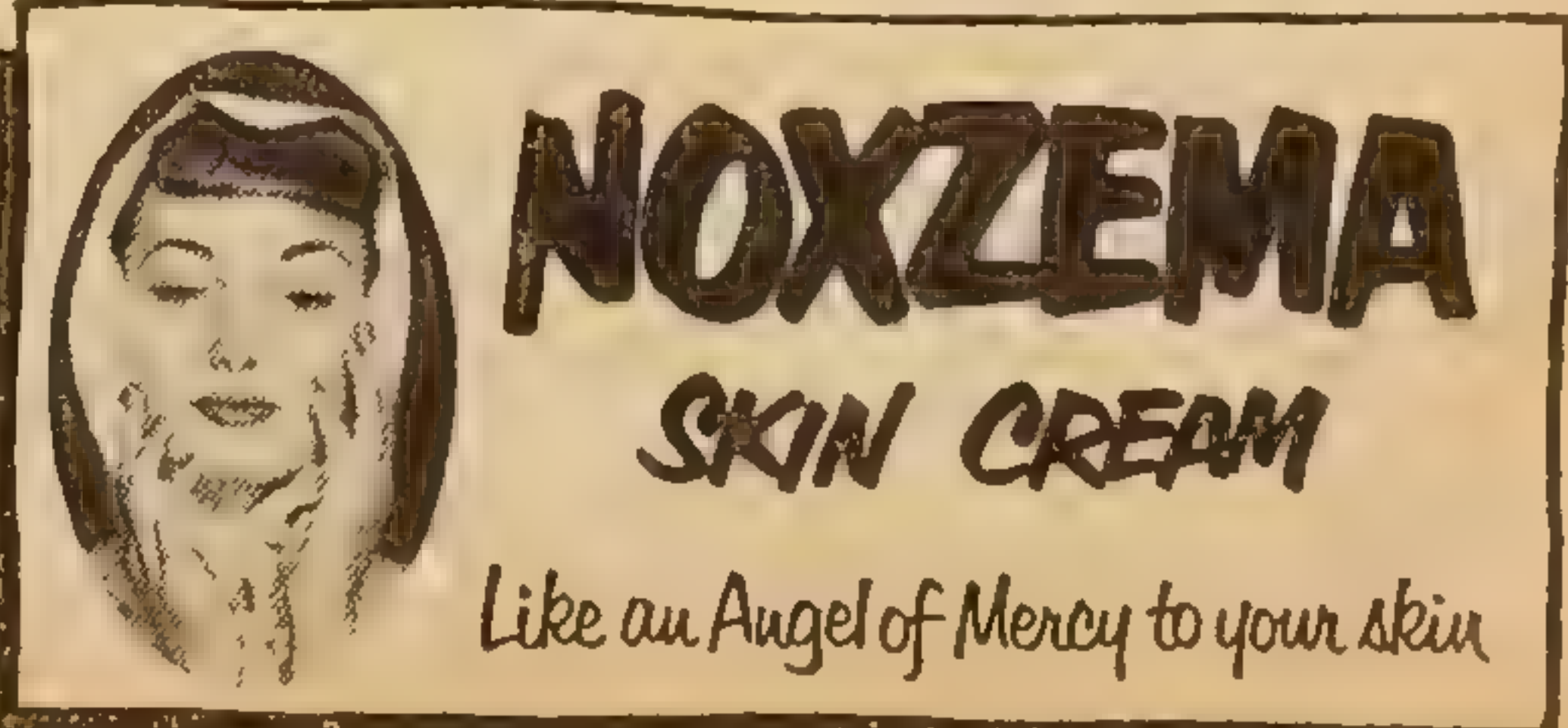
Money-Back Offer! Try soothing, medicated Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and you'll get your money back.

Jean Crow, Baltimore Registered Nurse, says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them look red, ugly. But using Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"



Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now it's my regular hand cream—and my hands always look soft and smooth."

Get Noxzema today! 40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.



That Belvedere Man



whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)



and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

stunned a nation . . . now
moves heaven and earth
. . . with laughter!



for Heaven's Sake

20th
CENTURY-FOX

CLIFTON JOAN ROBERT EDMUND
WEBB • BENNETT • CUMMINGS • GWENN

JOAN BLONDELL • GIGI PERREAU JACK LA RUE HARRY
VONZELL • TOMMY RETTIG

Directed by **GEORGE SEATON** • Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**

Written for the screen by **GEORGE SEATON** • From a play by **HARRY SEGALL**



Waltz contest winners Sharman Douglas, Gary Cooper with prize at recent Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do.

Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton arrive at party, given to aid the L.A. School for Visually Handicapped Children.



Desperado Betty Hutton did comedy turn with Red Skelton, but she'd lost her voice and wasn't able to sing. Here she sticks up frontier gal Virginia Field.

NEWSREEL



Left: Doll Jane Wyman holds is dressed in replica of her "Glass Menagerie" costume and is being auctioned by Roy Rogers. Top designers dressed other dolls.



Right: Old friends Ann Blyth, Jeanne Crain and Jeanne's husband, Paul Brinkman. Benefit was held at Beverly Hills Hotel and made over \$30,000 for fund.



Merrymakers at the Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do, a recent charity fete, were Janet Leigh, with newest beau, Tony Curtis, and Ruth Roman, escorted by stage actor Paul Davis.

June Allyson and Dick Powell talking to Producer John Beck. Benefit was for Los Angeles' School for Visually Handicapped Children.

NEWSREEL



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage (Esther Williams) at the Whoop-De-Do, given in the Beverly Hills Hotel's magnificent Crystal Room.

Right: Marie MacDonald presents doll dressed in replica of her own bathing suit to Mr. Sam Genis, buyer of doll at auction.



Bordertown belle Dorothy Lamour with husband Bill Howard, Mrs. Eddie Mannix were among costumed guests at the gala event.



At the doll auction Producer Sol Lesser was highest bidder for Arlene Dahl's wax baby, whose costume was created by a top Hollywood designer.



Ann Miller and Van Johnson, partners in the evening's exhibition dances, matched their talents with those of famed Marge and Cower Champion team.

Party was a reunion for Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas, in town for a brief visit.

Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, on the dance floor at gay Beverly Hills Hotel gathering.

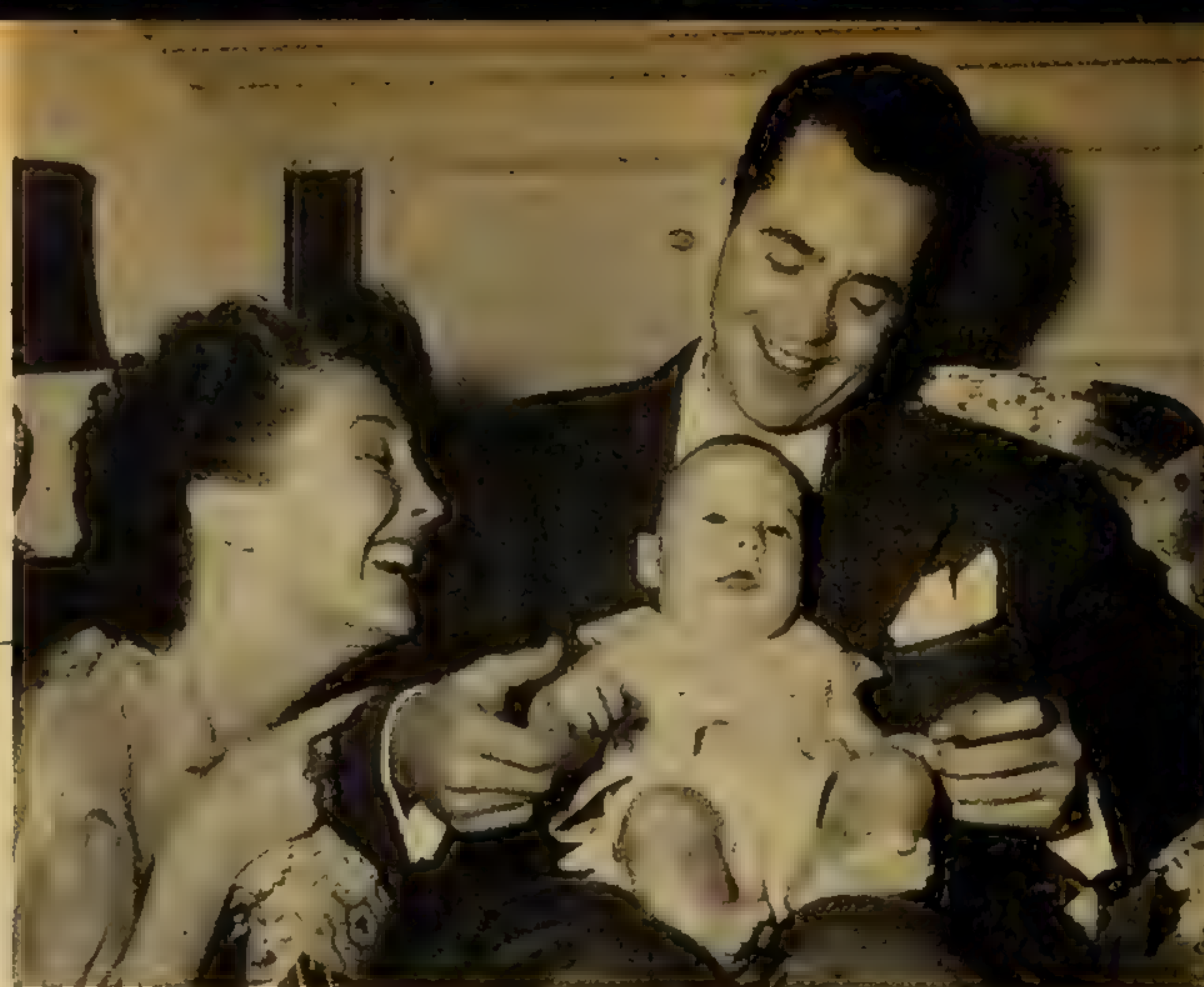


Below: The Whoop-De-Do was a success largely due to the stupendous efforts of Betty Hutton, who rounded up Western props to decorate Crystal Room, turned in typical Hutton show for guests.





The Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton wedding was big event of the year.



Garrett Christopher arrived in January to brighten life for Betty Garrett, Larry Parks.



Betty Jane and Keenan Wynn quarrelled, separated, reconsidered, then reconciled.



HOLLYWOOD FACTS OF LIFE

1950 introduced a number of vivid newcomers, among them Gene Nelson, Warner Brothers dancing sensation.

THE year 1950 was a troubled twelve months in Hollywood, as it most certainly was in the rest of the world. A spirit of unrest prevailed, decisions were made and unmade; one of the greatest scandals of all time clouded the shining name Hollywood has been trying to make for itself, and when Hollywood lost Alan Hale, it was forced to give up one of the most talented of its citizens and a man who would have been an ornament to any profession he had chosen.

Gloria Swanson caused grandmothers

everywhere to lift their heads, buy new gowns, and regard the future as challenging, when she made her dazzling comeback in "Sunset Boulevard."

In addition to being a successful year for seasoned players, 1950 introduced a number of vivid newcomers, among them Howard Keel, Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis, Peggy Dow, Debra Paget, Jeff Chandler, Gene Nelson, Dick Long, and Mitzi Gaynor.

And of course there were babies, as follows:

Hollywood lost one of its most talented citizens—Alan Hale.



Fletcher Markle hugs Oscar winning bride, Mercedes McCambridge.



Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross were united in quiet ceremony.





Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman became the proud parents of a third son, Timothy Peter.



A second daughter was born to Eleanor Parker and her husband, Producer Bert Friedlob.



Tony, Jr., firstborn of Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, made a personal appearance on Aug. 28.



Looking back, 1950 was not one of the movie capital's happiest years, but then, it wasn't gay elsewhere either

By Marcia Howard

Howard Keel, new singing star, made American screen debut in "Annie Get Your Gun."

Right: 1950 was an important year career-wise for Debra Paget, gifted young actress.



January 26—Garrett Christopher, weighing in at Cedars of Lebanon at 7 lbs. 14 ozs., claimed Betty Garrett and Larry Parks as parents.

February 2—A husky son was born in Rome to Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini.

February 7—Natalie Marie Cole, 7 lbs. 11 ozs., checked into Cedars of Lebanon to be with her parents, Nat King Cole and his wife, Marie.

February 28—A son was born to Alida Valli and Oscar De Mejo, their second child. Son Charles is now five.

Another newcomer who impressed producers and movie audiences alike was Peggy Dow.



March 4—A daughter, Melinda, weighing 5 lbs. 15 ozs., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris. Their first child, Patricia Ann (*Pam*) is now five.

April 7—Donna Atwood of "Ice-capades" (in private life the wife of Mr. John H. Harris) became the mother of twin sons, in Los Angeles.

April 8—A second daughter was born to Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob. Their first daughter, Susan, is two.

April 12—All 7 lbs. 3 ozs. of Mr. Ted Rooney came bouncing into the world to delight his parents, Martha Vickers and Mickey Rooney.

April 26—Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Shoup welcomed a son weighing 9 lbs. 2 ozs. Mommy was the former Julie Bishop. The baby's older sister was just past two.

May 23—Fibber McGee and Molly became grandparents when 4 lb. 8 oz. Janice was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jordan, Jr. Mrs. Jordan was the former Peggy Knudsen.

May 23—News reached Los Angeles of the birth of a son on April 16 in New York, to Ricky Soma and John Huston.

May 25—A daughter, No. 3, was born to Mr. and (Please turn to page 53)

Gloria Swanson astonished the movie world with her sensational comeback to screen.





Albert and Lawrence always get loving attention from their mother, Jane Greer.

DUAL ROLE FOR JANE



Lawrence is her youngest, one year. She's married to handsome Edward Lasker.

Jane Greer likes to act, but her role as a wife is the one she's happiest with

By Patricia Keats

Jane still takes dramatic lessons, but she refuses to behave like an actress at home.



WELL, one thing's for sure. Jane Greer may not be the busiest star in Hollywood, but she is certainly one of the happiest. She's married to Edward Lasker, young and handsome, and she has two remarkable young sons, Albert and Lawrence, ages two and a half and one year. She has a beautiful home in Brentwood with all kinds of push buttons and fancy gadgets, and a swimming pool—where once Orson Welles, then married to Rita Hayworth, did his geniusing. She has a mother who writes slogans and wins coffee pots. And she has a father and an Uncle Obed who invent. They keep her in laughs.

Some families may be problems. But not Jane's. Hers are characters. And she loves everything they do. Even when Uncle Obed bought an island off the Florida Coast for \$25 to grow moss for pillow stuffings. Even when her father, after years of work, invented a tearless onion peeler, only to discover that all onions aren't the same size.

Miss Jane is essentially an actress. She likes to act. She can act. And like all actresses she gets frustrated when she doesn't act. And when it comes to acting she simply hasn't been given a fair shake.

Blame it on Mr. Howard Hughes, or blame it on the Stork (*an incongruous twosome if ever there was one*). But every time Jane's career gets ready to shift from second into high she either has a baby or Mr. Hughes disappears into the clouds. The babies she likes, and she wants more. Two girls to be exact. (*"I know all the games little girls play," she says.*) But I'm sure she wishes that Mr. Hughes would get grounded one of these days.

A few weeks ago Jane finished "The Company She Keeps" at RKO, where she is under contract. This is her first picture since her second baby was born. The picture was formerly titled "The Wall Outside," (*Please turn to page 66*)

Co-star Dennis O'Keefe astonished her when they did "The Company She Keeps" for RKO.



HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL'S

HER SECRET† *Whirlpool** BRA

*a new lift
to figure
loveliness!*



Raise the bosom for a lovelier, fuller figure. Air foam half-pads are cleverly concealed in an inner pocket in the lower half of the bust cups, and are removable for laundering. Her Secret is your secret, too... completely undetectable, even under sheers. Her Secret Whirlpool* padded bra, 5.00



*reg. †pat. pend.



HER SECRET† BUST PADS

A wonderfully new idea in bust pads. Feather-light, washable "foam"—fits in the lower section of any bra. Raises the bosom naturally—does not cover it. 1.50



At your favorite store or write for name of dealer nearest you.

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Now Bette Davis is able to say, "I have my self-respect as an actress again"

By Jerry Asher

Below: Critics discovered the Bette Davis of "All About Eve" was as great as ever.



True to her code she never discussed her feeling for co-star Gary Merrill.



Bette at birthday party with her mother, sister Barbara and friend.

NO ONE could ever accuse Bette Davis of being subject to flattery. As a matter of record, she finds it extremely embarrassing. However, on the day she finished "Story Of A Divorce," something *very* flattering happened and Bette couldn't have been more pleased.

To celebrate the completion of the picture, a huge cake topped by a huge egg was wheeled onto the set and presented to the star. "To a good egg" read the inscription and below the cast and crew placed their signatures. Most actresses would have wept and given an Academy Award performance. But Bette, who was deeply touched, showed it by roaring with laughter. She thanked them, then she made a speech that remains an all-time but censorable classic!

That Bette's morale needed a hoist, is no mere conjecture. Anyone aware of her illustrious background can appreciate her own doubts prior to the scourge of criticism evoked by such pictures as "Winter Meeting" and "Beyond The Forest." Bette neither directed nor wrote these scripts. But she still happened to be the star whose name was supposed to sell the pictures. Typical of the Davis integrity, when a job *has* to be done she accepts it as a challenge—ofttimes at the expense of her better judgment. Obviously, had worthier vehicles been obtainable, she never would have stuck her talented neck out.

For 16 years Bette Davis and Warner Brothers shared mutual benefits. As a civic leader, a great box-office star and a representative member of the motion picture (*Please turn to page 68*)

She never tried to explain away rumors about her waning popularity and took acclaim for comeback calmly. Here, with Gary, Hugh Marlowe, Anne Baxter.





"Story Of A Divorce" for RKO
is another script she believes in.



By accepting the fact that
her career was in danger,
Bette Davis saved it, but
her decision to burn her
bridges was a hard one.

Nothing Can Stop Bette!





Abroad With Ava

PICTURESQUE Spain got more attention than it's had since the Spanish Civil War when one act of the front page romance of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra was played there. Ava was on location for "Pandora And The Flying Dutchman" when Frank, estranged from his wife, followed her to Spain. In an effort to throw a smoke screen over the Gardner-Sinatra relations, a local matador was mixed into the plot and publicized as Ava's real interest. This ruse failed. Frank and Ava, despite denials, seemed more in love than ever.

Ava with Mario Cabre. They were reputed to be romancing during filming of "Pandora."



James Mason is Ava's co-star in this Lewin-Kaufman production.



She and cast members Nigel Patrick, Harold Warrender in a boat off port of San Feliu.

Left: In Spain, Ava often sunbathed on Mediterranean beaches.

In a shady spot at the bullring in Gerona with her sister, Beatrice, and Sheila Sim.



Her future with Frank is uncertain as his wife will not divorce him.





No Wonder He'll



While Cesar was in London making "Happy Go Lovely," he learned once and for all how his heart felt.

Cesar Romero with Paul Douglas and Marion Marshall in "Love That Brute." He played big time gangster.



"I have a home in Brentwood with my whole family living with me," says Cesar. "Father and Mother and my two sisters and my niece and nephews and various pets."

The beautiful memory of his first and only love may keep Cesar Romero a bachelor as long as he lives

CESAR ROMERO, who dates the screen's most famous beauties but marries none of them, has reached a definite conclusion. "I'll never marry. I had always hoped that one day I would. But now I know why I can never marry."

True, Hollywood's most determined bachelor has become happily accustomed to living on the spur of the moment, making his own decisions, knowing his own mind and very definitely carrying out his own way about things. Perhaps this sounds like the indulgence of a self-centered bachelor, but to know Cesar Romero at all, is to know a truly, most generous-hearted and thoughtful fellow.

It was while in London, where Cesar was making "Happy Go Lovely" with David Niven and Vera-Ellen, that he suddenly realized *why* he will remain a bachelor. Why he *must* remain a bachelor.

Cesar had taken the weekend to fly down to Rome from London, assured that he had several free days before concluding his film. When I called him at the Excelsior it was a late Saturday afternoon and he was rushing to St. Peter's for a general audience with the Pope. He had other plans after that. The only time he could see me would be at seven-thirty Sunday morning, just before his plane left for Venice.

Promptly at seven-thirty a.m. I entered the Excelsior and asked the portier to ring up Mr. Romero. Then Cesar was on the wire. "I'm so sorry," he said, "but I had no way of telephoning you back since you did not leave your number. Here I am sick. Maybe it's something I ate. I got some bug or something and had to cancel my plane reservation this morning."

He asked me to come to his suite and interview there. Foremost on my mind was the question I have so often heard discussed in Hollywood by his closest friends, Joan Crawford, Ann Sothorn, Virginia Bruce and Barbara Stanwyck, "Will Butch ever marry?"

Cesar, his brow feverish, was in a tan robe encircling his blue silk pajamas. He was most cordial. It wasn't long before I asked two questions at once. "Why is it you have never married?" and "Do you think you ever will?"

(Please turn to page 71)

Never Marry

By
May Mann Baer



With Lucille Ball. When their husbands are busy, Cesar is wives' favorite escort.



Dining with Betty Furness at the Stork before departure for fateful trip abroad.

Below: Cesar and Beverly Stoner at "Icecapades." He's Hollywood's number one escort.



Cesar departing on Queen Elizabeth for unexpected and adventurous time in London.



She's A Big Girl Now



Elated over the big girl roles that are now coming her way, Terry Moore looks excitedly to the future. With her extraordinary ability there's no reason why some day Terry won't be an important Hollywood star.

Left: Terry Moore and Victor Mature disagree about everything else but love in the RKO romantic melodrama, "Alias Mike Fury." Terry plays a social worker who gets involved with racketeers and dubious characters.



Although a novice in romantic roles, Terry, the actress, takes over like a veteran.

Mickey Rooney is the object of Terry's affections in "He's A Cockeyed Wonder."







Gosh, He's Changed!

Left: Alan Ladd with Miss Ramsey, the girl who makes the charge in "Branded," Paramount's exciting Technicolor Western.



Charles Bickford becomes suspicious of Alan, who poses as his long-lost son in "Branded."

CAREER-WISE, Alan Ladd is a changed man. Where once he lurked in alleys and dark city streets, eluding the police and fellow mobsters, he now roams the Western plains, sometimes on the side of the law, sometimes with the bad men, but always toting a gun. Perhaps Alan's switch to the great open spaces is the direct influence of his home life, for he owns a cozy ranch where he resides with his wife Sue and two children. He loves horses, owns several of them. In keeping with the new Ladd, Alan's latest Paramount picture is "Branded," another Western film.

Right: Alan is just as much at ease depicting Western characters in horse operas as he was as a gangster. Here he is as Choya, a quick-shooting, hard-riding hombre in "Branded."

Left: Although Alan's been posing as her missing brother, Mona knows he isn't and in spite of herself, falls for the guy. Her love makes him see error of his ways and he reforms.





Happily married Esther Williams has found the answers to many of the questions that trouble a bride-to-be

By Robert Peer

ESTHER WILLIAMS was most emphatic. "I am no expert!" Then, with a twinkle in her eye and a touch of hesitation, "But I could tell you what I think."

That was enough for me. With five happy, successful years of marriage behind her, Esther should be in a good position to give some sound, factual advice concerning a number of problems faced by the average newlyweds.

A young bride is always filled with qualms about what to tell or what not to tell her new husband. That boy back home. The high school dates. The senior prom. Growing-up romances which were breathtaking—and short. Esther's smile was big now. She knew all about those.

Her own attempt to tell of the past had little effect on husband Ben Gage. Having married a girl at a specific time—the present—he had no intention of turning back to the past. He felt that the future held so much for them that the past could easily be discarded. So for Esther and Ben, the yester-years went untold.

Then there's the bride's first burst of over-the-fence gossip. In the movie

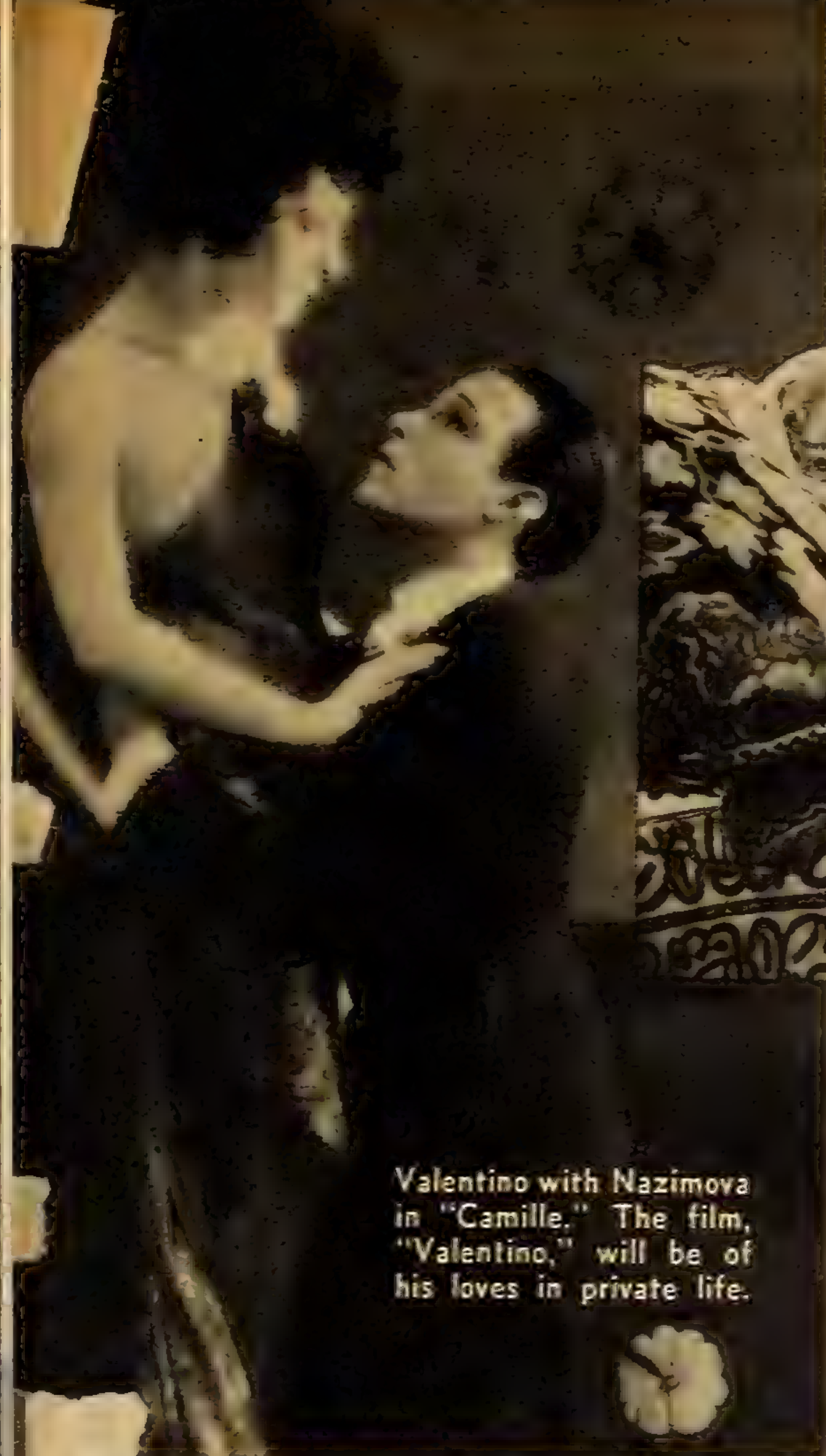
Left: Esther in Hawaii, where she made the MGM Technicolor "Pagan Love Song."

She learned that the wedding vow includes everything—happy times and grave moments.

What To Tell Your Husband



A Great Lover Returns



Valentino with Nazimova in "Camille." The film, "Valentino," will be of his loves in private life.



Tony Dexter and Eleanor Parker in "Valentino," an Edward Small production.

Right: Isn't the likeness astounding? Tony was chosen over 75,000 applicants. He's athletic, a singer, dancer.

PRODUCER Edward Small was determined not to go ahead with his film, "Valentino," until he found an actor who was a positive double of the man once known as the screen's greatest lover. It took many years, but Small finally found Tony Dexter who looks enough like Valentino to be his twin brother. Tony's real name is Walter Reinhold Fleischmann. He was born in Nebraska. His father is a Lutheran minister stationed in Loveland, Colo. Tony graduated from St. Olaf's College, then took an M.A. at Iowa. Under the name of Walter Craig he started stage career.

Tony, as Walter Craig, appeared with Eva La Gallienne, Katharine Cornell.



Valentino in "Four Horsemen Of Apocalypse," his greatest picture. Tony has studied role for 3 years.



The Happy Lundigans

Bill Lundigan and his wife, Rena, celebrate five glorious years with anniversary weekend

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE William Lundigans recently celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary. The fifth anniversary, according to Hollywood tradition, is the one where your friends stop saying, "It won't last." So, if you can get past your fifth, you have a good chance of getting past your fiftieth. I'm only taking sure bets this season, like the Chase National Bank and the Rock of Gibraltar, and I'm not going out on any limb for any money stars. I consider them as big a risk as Hedy Lamarr's jewels. My one exception is Bill Lundigan and his bride of five years. I've got them across the board, win, place and show.

Bill and Rena celebrated their fifth anniversary at that most pleasant and hospitable of Inns, the Apple Valley Inn, in a picturesque valley near Victorville, California. Bill, an enthusiastic golfer, had heard about the new golf course recently opened in connection with the Inn. Right out there in the middle of the desert with nothing but yuccas, joshuas and sagebrush is one of the greenest, grassiest courses you'll ever be seeing even in the Everglades of Florida. Just like a mirage it is. But it doesn't play like a mirage, as Bill can testify, it plays like a mean, cantankerous course that guarantees even the best of the pill-chasers a hard fight. Even Bill, who can knock off eighteen holes and still look as fresh as a daisy, seemed a little on the pooped side when he appeared for cocktails and dinner at the Inn.

There was the customary bottle of wine at dinner for anniversary toasting (*Rena responded with a snappy Coke*) of which poor William got just about

Left: Bill Lundigan prepares to saddle one of the spirited Bass colts at Apple Valley Inn. He's an excellent rider.

Below: Bill watches enviously as his wife, Rena, eats her strawberry shortcake. He has to keep his weight down.



Rena and Bill on dance floor at Apple Valley Inn. Naturally they asked the band to play "The Anniversary Waltz."



The Lundigans play canasta with Mrs. Bass and King Kennedy. Bill's in "I'll Get By."

Right and Far Right: Bill, six feet two, is one of Hollywood's topflight golf players.

Below: When not riding or playing golf, Bill spent the sunshine hours in the pool.



one good sip. A group of friends who can hear a cork pop ten miles away, suddenly moved in on them for some hearty congratulations. Count on your friends, I always say.

Frankly, I never saw an actor at Apple Valley attract less attention. That's the way Bill wants it. If you didn't notice him in his pictures he'd be hurt to the quick, but in a public place—that's different. When he's "on the town" he's just about as brash as a mouse with an inferiority complex. However, it's hard not to notice Bill at restaurants and night-clubs because of his height (*six feet two*) and his very good looks (*blue eyes, light brown hair and 170 pounds neatly distributed*). But I must say our boy never does anything to attract attention to himself. You can always tell an actor by his clothes. But not Bill. He avoids the sloppy school of thespian dress sponsored by those publicity loving boys, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. Sweat shirts are for the gym, thinks Bill, not for the dinner table. Nor does he care for the flashy dress of the in-the-chips boys who favor twenty-dollar ties and (*Please turn to page 62*)

Roy's Way Of Life Is Mine

"Roy knows how completely he has altered my life," says the happy mother of Roy Rogers' four children

By Dale Evans

I THINK any mother who has a baby daughter today will have a lot to tell her husband. Certainly I have talked to Roy at length about Robin. She's bound to have an effect on her parents and on the other children in our home. I expect all of us will have a decided effect on her!

There are so many things Roy and I want for her. Luckily for me, he's the type who is as concerned about all that can happen to our family as I am.

He thought he wanted a boy until he saw Robin. Dusty, with two sisters already shouldn't have to grow up in a household full of women! I hope he won't have to, either. But right now I can't deny I'm glad we've had a girl. Somehow a girl always remains closer to a mother. A boy matures and marries and takes his place as head of a new family. I don't intend to hang onto Robin. But, someday, we'll be women together and when we can just be friends we'll have so much in common. That is, if I'm as wise as my own mother has been!

Roy and I decided on Robin Elizabeth's name when we were celebrating our second wedding anniversary. We chanced to be dining in a fascinating Chinese cafe in San Francisco. A very pretty little Chinese girl sang. Her name, we discovered, was Robin Wing. Immediately Robin struck me as such a happy name. It reminds me of Spring, my favorite time of the year. The Elizabeth is in memory of my mother and my great grandmother. It's important to hand down family names, I told Roy that evening. Just as it was important for me to dig out the bassinet Cheryl, Linda, and Dusty all had used. I decorated it myself, and played safe by adorning it with an equal amount of pink and blue ribbon.

She loves working with Roy, but doesn't want to leave the children too often.





Roy's way of life was all new to her, but she feels she was intended for it.

Left: "Mothering the Rogers is a magnificent reward, anyway I look at it."

"Our greatest obligation is to our home"—a sentiment that Roy echoes.



I didn't pamper myself in advance of the dash to the hospital. Everything went on exactly as always. There'll never be a quiet moment in our home. We wouldn't want one. We all love the patter of feet we can hear somewhere and the enthusiasm that's sure to burst through a door any second.

Each of the three older children learned that the new baby would arrive in individual talks with me. I know you have to prepare children for an addition to the family, so there'll be no psychological feeling of being rejected (*Please turn to page 56*)



"I wear alluring gowns in pictures, but at home I'm the blue jeans and slacks type."

Right: Jane doesn't like football, although her husband, Bob Waterfield, is a pro star.

Let's Stop Kidding

Jane is making more movies than ever. She has an unreleased RKO film with Frank Sinatra and Groucho Marx, among others. "I do want to play many different types of roles," she says.



"Glamour without the human element isn't very substantial stuff . . . alone it doesn't last long"

By Jane Russell

NOW don't get me wrong. I'm glad I'm working in pictures. I've a career many girls would be thrilled to have. But can't a gal have her pet peeves even though she wouldn't want any other kind of job?

To begin with, I'm the kind of person who never goes for the taffy pulling routine. Flattery gets nowhere with me. I know what I'm like and I'm just about the same as I always was. I've tried to be objective about myself, to know what my faults are, and to harbor no phony illusions. Perhaps that's why I've never been able to understand why some people are inclined to butter up a star. Why all the fuss about us? We're just like anyone else—or at least we'd like to be. Yet, we get so much attention, so many compliments it's rather hard for us to get to know people well. We're like anyone in that we want to believe the nice things we hear, but we can't help wondering just how much of the "You're wonderful" routine is on the level.

Most of us who work in pictures can add two and two and come up with four—so we've had a habit of believing about a quarter of what's said to us. I remember one incident that proves that we can be a lot happier if we don't swallow too much bait.

A star was being given the royal carpet act by a visitor on the set one day. I watched him (*Please turn to page 59*)

Jane, as a "bat girl," giving the umpires a bad time of it during recent "Out Of This World" charity baseball game played in Hollywood.



Robert Mitchum with Jane in "His Kind Of Woman," an RKO picture. Jane leaves glamour at the studio, never brings it home with her.



"Nor do I actually enjoy posing for certain publicity stills," says Jane. "That era has done a fade so far as I'm concerned."

Jane and Bob in "His Kind Of Woman." This torrid team is also co-starred in "Macao," another RKO film with Jane as bad girl.





"ALL ABOUT EVE"

Fashion Selections

by Kay Brunell

Above: Stars of "All About Eve" are Bette Davis, as a great but aging actress, and Anne Baxter, a stagestruck girl. Gary Merrill and Hugh Marlowe appear with them.

Fashion Selection #246 Anne Baxter wearing a Tish-U-Knit sweater that's a dead ringer for the pullover designed by Charles LeMaire which Anne wears in the "All About Eve" scene on this page. It's the Tish-U-Knit classic long push up sleeve sweater of fine gauge zephyr 100% wool. The deep V neck adapts itself to a simple pearl necklace or colorful scarf knotted about the neck. It can be had in Haiti red, tangerine, citrus white or navy. Comes in sizes 34 to 40 at about \$6.00.



Left: Anne, as Eve in the film, is the epitome of a female who'll use every wile at her command to get her way. Here, she uses a few on unsuspecting Celeste Holm.

Fashion Selection #247 This short dinner dress with lace-edged neckline was created by Charles LeMaire for Anne to wear in a party scene in "All About Eve." An adaptation of it has been made by Suzy Perette in Burlington taffeta with imported lace on marquise at neckline. Dress has bodice top, full skirt, taffeta covered buttons down the front. Comes in black, navy, slate, ruby red. Sizes 10 to 16 (9 to 15). Price is about \$20.00.

Screenland offers you adaptations of two of Charles LeMaire's creations, as worn by Anne Baxter in 20th Century-Fox's brilliant new production



PLEASE TURN TO page 74 in this issue for information where to purchase these selections.

Screenland Salutes Mel Ferrer

As Matador Luis Bello in "The Brave Bulls,"
Mel Ferrer gives a distinguished portrayal.

Right: Mel with Miroslava, Mexican star,
who plays feminine lead in the picture.



Below: Anthony Quinn as Raul Fuentes, man-
ager of Mel in Columbia's "The Brave Bulls."



Mel receives plaudits of
crowd after triumph in
bullfight in Mexico.

Below: Mel, in rage of fury, lunges at
mob in spectacular scene in "Brave Bulls."



WHEN Producer-Director Robert Rossen selected Mel Ferrer to play the leading role of Matador Luis Bello in his production of "The Brave Bulls," he knew he could expect a flawless performance by the gifted Mel, and hoped it would be, in fact, his greatest. For once a director's hopes were fully and magnificently realized. Mel Ferrer has never been more brilliant; he is, without question, the colorful Bello of Tom Lea's best-seller come to life. Watching him perform is truly an emotional experience extraordinary.

Post-Holiday Pickups

A variety of new thoughts on that vital subject of building and guarding beauty

By Elizabeth Lapham

REALIZING as you do, in this age of popular psychology, that true beauty is the sum total of a great many parts, should make it easy to understand our own pleasure in reporting such an assortment of recent developments. It isn't that in being enthusiastic about Bourjois' new Endearing, for instance, we expect you to pour all your other perfumes down the sink and invest

in a life-time supply. The idea is that in enveloping yourself in a new fragrance you have added something new to your personality and an important part of that something new is the same kind of ego-bolstering lift that you get from a new hat. Of course, Endearing can do a lot more, for it's a potent distillation of pure romance. Light and quite sweet at the first sniff, the blend develops a beautifully lasting depth on your skin. The love birds on the graceful bottle and smart package tell the story too. All this witchery is Paris-born but by importing the concentrates unassembled and blending them after they arrive in this country Bourjois manages to keep the price at a heart-warming low.

AFTER a look at the photograph of the girl in the bath tub, hard at work with a cake of soap, you may well be asking yourself what in the world there is that's so newsworthy about anything so fundamental. Fact is, there is an impressive and tongue-twisting chemical in Fresh Soap that's known as 3,5,6-Trichloro-2 Hydroxphenyl which you haven't run into before but may recently have read about. This particular wonderworker has (*Please turn to page 74*)

Helene Curtis' new Shampoo Whip comes out of this attractively decorated rose and gray non-breakable container in an activated lather, ready for work.



Love birds, speaking their universal language, identify Bourjois' new sweetly romantic perfume, Endearing, a Paris-born blend that's most charming for human love birds and all others who aspire to be.

Fresh Soap modestly hides its bacteria-banishing chemical ingredient in a skin-pampering formula that effectively destroys perspiration odors yet adds no medicinal aroma to compete with perfume.



Jane Wyman applying some of the sheer flattery from the House of Westmore that's known as Cream Make-up; a lanolin-rich beautifier for dry skin.



Frankly Figured

Fashion Selection #248 For day or evening wear Hollywood-Maxwell has designed the strapless, plunging V-Ette bra below. The continuous Whirlpool stitched cup produces a firm and rounded contour effect, so desirable under svelte new Winter season dresses. For a bra of this type, it has a remarkable faculty for staying put and offering complete wearing comfort. Available in sizes 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B and C cup. Comes in white or black to match your every ensemble. Rayon satin, fine English net, with batiste Lastex back. At about \$5.00.

Fashion Selection #249 At right another Hollywood-Maxwell bra—the V-Ette Whirlpool—whose special attraction is a new construction that consists of circular stitching to bring you perfection of line and of shape. It controls, molds and supports. It is a bra that is ideal beneath sweaters, Winter wools and sheer dresses. Its sizes: 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup, and 32-40 C cup. Comes in white or pink broadcloth. Rayon satin or nylon taffeta with lace edging in white, pink or black. The broadcloth, about \$2.50; satin, about \$3.00; nylon, about \$3.50.

See Page 70 for purchasing these selections

Accessories, fashion arrangements by Mac Wise—Hollywood-Maxwell's model Betty Gilmore

Photographs By
ROCKFIELD-MOSS STUDIO



Fashion Selection #250 The V-Ette '50 above, by Hollywood-Maxwell, is the bra which has a soft, pliable, ventilated elastic band all around its base. This eliminates binding across the rib-cage and will stay in place so well there is no "ride-up." Added side control for larger busts, a fuller look for smaller busts. Sizes 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup; 32-40 C cup. In white only. Cotton broadcloth with cotton lace edging, about \$3.00. Nylon taffeta with nylon lace edging, about \$4.00.

Hollywood Facts Of Life

Continued from page 23

Mrs. Henry Wilcoxon.

May 26—Harold Lloyd became a grandfather when daughter Peggy (*Mrs. A. Bartlett Ross, Jr.*) became the mother of David Lloyd Ross, 7 lbs. 7 ozs.

July 20—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis adopted Ronald Stephen, almost seven months old, so that their son, Gary, five, would have a playmate.

August 3—Timothy Peter, 7 lbs. 6 ozs., joined his two brothers, Paul, Jr., and Michael, to build a charming family for parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman (*Jeanne Crain*).

August 3—George Brent and Janet Michael became delighted parents of a daughter weighing 6 lbs. 11 ozs. and arriving at St. John's in Santa Monica.

August 12—Kathy, 7 lbs., arrived at Good Samaritan Hospital, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Hartford (*Marjorie Steele*).

August 14—Maria Mercedes arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O'Brien (*Olga San Juan*) to delight big sister, Bridget Eileen, just sixteen months Maria's senior.

August 26—Robin Elizabeth, 7 lbs., was born at Hollywood Hospital, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rogers.

August 27—Daniel Lederer greeted parents Anne Shirley and Charles Lederer at Cedars of Lebanon.

August 28—Undecided as to whether he should become a singer or a dancer, Tony Martin, Jr., checked into St. John's in Santa Monica, the 8 lb. son of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin.

September 17—Gretchen Louise pleased her parents by being a girl, weighing 8 lbs. 10 ozs., and choosing Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Hayden as mom and pop. Gretchen Louise has two older brothers.

On order with the stork as the year ended were cuddle bundles for Barbara Hale and Bill Williams (*their second*); for Betty Garrett and Larry Parks (*their second*); for the popular singing star, Margaret Whiting and Lou Busch (*their first*); for June Allyson and Dick Powell (*their first although they have an adorable adopted daughter*); for Mr. and Mrs. Ezio Pinza (*their third*); for Jennifer Jones and David Selznick (*their first, his third and her third*); for Esther Williams and Ben Gage (*their second*).

As it must to all men, Death came to some of Hollywood's best. In addition to the loss of Alan Hale, the motion picture world lost old-time favorite, Bull Montana, 62; Harry Lauder, personal friend of many Hollywood people, who died at Strathaven, Scotland, aged 79; Sid Grauman, who succumbed to a heart ailment at 70; Joe Yule, Mickey Rooney's father, who died in his North Hollywood home as a result of heart failure, aged 56; and Hobart Cavanaugh, 63, who passed away despite surgery planned to save his life. He was most recently seen in 20th Century-Fox' "Stella."

On April 7, all drama lovers suffered



Attractive new 20th Century-Fox actress Marion Marshall gets the rapt attention of both Bob Neal and Peter Lawford at the recent Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do charity benefit party.

an acute loss when Walter Huston died the day after his sixty-sixth birthday. Also in April, in Beacon, New York, Frances Seymour Brokaw Fonda, estranged wife of Henry Fonda, took her own life.

Others removed from the visual stage were Jane Cowl, one of the greatest of all *Juliets*; world-famous Lady Charles Mendl (*Elsie de Wolfe*), who succumbed in Versailles, France; George (Buddy) De Sylva, and Mrs. Richard Basehart, only thirty-four, who would soon have celebrated her tenth wedding anniversary.

Jimmy Durante suffered the loss of one of his two best friends when Lou Clayton died in St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, of cancer of the pancreas; every picturegoer will miss Sara Allgood, who—young at sixty-six—died at the Motion Picture Country Home. She had been nominated for an Academy Award for her work in "How Green Was My Valley." Also popular with picturegoers was character actor Pedro De Cordoba, who died in September. His best-known role was that of the gypsy chieftain in "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

Show business was bereft of a fabulous figure when Al Jolson died in San Francisco on October 23, shortly after returning from Korea.

As is always the case in Hollywood, ministers and divorce judges were equally busy. Here are the statistics:

Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin parted on January 22, and Betty secured a divorce on April 4, but this was invalidated when they reconciled on July 31. This marriage now has an excellent chance to be permanent and happy.

Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn parted on January 27, divorced on March 14, and then reconciled and made a trip to Honolulu in May on a reconciliation honeymoon.

Gail and Guy Madison parted and reconciled, Jack La Rue's marriage to Edith von Rosenberg was annulled, and the Charles Korvins separated.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Tucker were divorced, Diana Douglas secured an interlocutory decree from Kirk Douglas, and Gloria De Haven won a similar decree from John Payne.

A decree of divorce (*by proxy*) was won in Juarez, Mexico, by Ingrid Bergman from Dr. Peter Lindstrom, but not until May 24 could arrangements (*legal*) be made for Miss Bergman and director Roberto Rossellini to be married—again by proxy—in Juarez.

In February, Evelyn Keyes divorced John Huston in Juarez, and the following day, Mr. Huston married Ricky Soma in La Paz, Mexico.

The Sinatras separated for the third time on Valentine's Day, and late in the year a property settlement was negotiated and Nancy filed suit for separate maintenance.

Orchestra leader Matty Malneck and his wife separated; Sylvia Sidney and Carleton Alsop called their marriage *pau (kaput)*; a divorce from attorney Bentley Ryan was granted to Marguerite Chapman; the long-expected divorce of Kay St. Germain from Jack Carson was granted, and Coleen Gray secured her final papers terminating her marriage to Rodney Amateau.

Wanda Hendrix, carrying a volcanic torch, secured an interlocutory decree from Audie Murphy, and in London, Lady Helena Mary Hardwicke was granted an absolute divorce from Sir Cedric.

Groucho Marx divorced Kay Marie, Helmut Dantine was divorced by Charlene Wrightsman, and Scotty Beckett was legally shed by Beverly Baker.

In Las Vegas, Joan Blondell ceased to be the wife of Mike Todd, and in Los Angeles Mimi Forsythe tore up all calling cards reading Mrs. James P. Turner.

Keenan Wynn and Betty Jane Butler (*married in Tia Juana on January 11, 1949*) had a serious quarrel, parted, then reconsidered to the satisfaction of everyone, and reconciled.

Juarez, Mexico, again made the head-



The Johnson half of the Ann Miller-Van Johnson dance team at the Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do finds he isn't as spry as he thought he was. "Three Guys Named Mike" is Van's next film.

lines when Bette Davis flew to the border city to divorce William Grant Sherry on July 3 (*the decree became final appropriately enough on Independence Day*), and then Bette returned on July 28 to marry Gary Merrill whom she met when they were working together on 20th's "All About Eve."

On August 6, as a further corollary to the Juarez decree mentioned above, William Grant Sherry took Marian Richards as his bride.

As the Summer wore away, so did a number of additional marriages, among them that of Benay Venuta and Armand Deutsch, that of Linda Darnell and Pev Marley, that of Myrna Loy and Gene Markey, that of Mary Andersen and Leonard Behrens, that of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, that of Dan Dailey and Liz Hofert, that of Barbara Payton and John Payton, that of Lynn Bari and Sid Luft, and that of Ann McCormack and Jackie Coogan.

Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, Margaret's mother, was granted a divorce from orchestra leader Don Silvio Sbrigata, and Ginger Rogers' divorce from Jack Briggs became final.

In March, Janet Blair divorced Lou Busch, who forthwith married Margaret Whiting in Mexico.

Nan Grey was severed from jockey Jackie Westrope after eleven years of marriage, Jo Carroll Dennison and Phil Silvers decided it would not work after six years as husband and wife, Peggy Morrow and Louis Hayward called quits after four years, and Mr. and Mrs.

Edward Arnold secured a final decree after twenty years.

Two of the Andrews sisters went to court: Maxine to secure her final decree from Lou Levy, and Patti to shed Marty Melcher via the interlocutory step.

There were wedding bells during the year for Ona Munson and Painter Eugene Berman, at the Beverly Hills home of Igor Stravinsky.

Jean Wallace married Jim Randall, thought better of it, and had the union melted.

In London, on February 25, Moira Shearer of "Red Shoes" fame, married Ludovic H. C. Kennedy in the Royal Chapel of Hampton Court Palace; on February 19, Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight reconciled and went to Europe to make pictures; also on February 19, Mercedes McCambridge married radio producer Fletcher Markle.

In New York, perennially youthful Irene Rich married utilities executive, George Henry Clifford, and in San Bernardino, California, John Barrymore's daughter, Dolores Ethel, married Thomas Alexander Fairbanks.

Nancy Olson and Allan Jay Lerner said "I Do," and so did Joan Leslie and Dr. William Caldwell (*on St. Patrick's Day*), Hannah Williams and comedian Thomas Monaghan, Hildy Parks and Jackie Cooper (*in Boston*), and (*in Las Vegas*) Patty Lydon and Johnny Meyer.

It was a single ring ceremony for Michele Morgan and Henri Vidal in Paris, and for Mrs. Virginia Dix

(*Richard's widow*) and Walter Van de Kamp in Brentwood.

Beverly Hills was the scene of Joan Caulfield's marriage to Frank Ross; Palm Springs was the setting for Helen Walker's wedding with Edward Nicholas du Domaine; Mrs. Ruth FAVOR Davis, Bette's mother, went to Las Vegas to marry Captain Otho W. Budd, USA RET.; and Ruth Warrick chose Los Angeles as the city in which to be married to decorator Carl Neubert.

The great, great wedding of the year was that of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicholas Conrad Hilton, Jr., in Beverly Hills. Their honeymoon was spent in Europe and they are currently at home in a dream suite at the Bel Air Hotel.

In Rome, Mischa Auer married Susanne Kalish; in New York Don Keefer took Catherine McLeod as his lawfully wedded; in San Diego, Joy Forstrup promised to love, honor, and obey Douglas Fowley, and in Los Angeles, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas became a partnership, while Ann Dvorak reconciled with her estranged husband, Igor Dega.

Frankie Laine thought the Beverly Hills Club would be a charming place for his wedding with Nan Grey; Marilyn Thorpe (*Mary Astor's eighteen-year-old daughter*) chose her home in Van Nuys as a setting, and Don Wilson liked Santa Barbara for the culmination of his romance with Lois Virginia Corbet.

August was marked by the weddings of Vanessa Brown and Dr. Robert A. Franklyn, Jennifer Howard (*daughter of playwright Sidney Howard*) and Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., and Margaret Sullivan and Kenneth Arthur Wagg. It was also the month of the re-marriage of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

Completing the year with a burst of wedding bells, Judy Canova married Cuban orchestra leader Philip Rivero, Madeleine Carroll became the wife of Life Magazine publisher Andrew Heiskell, Gloria Lloyd (*Harold's daughter*) was wed to William Guasti of a pioneer California family, Bruce Cabot married beautiful young Francesca De Scaffa, Joan Barton married Earl Muntz, and Sally Forrest chose December for her wedding with Milo Frank.

There were a few additional landmarks worth mentioning: on January 18, Gary Crosby debuted on his dad's radio program and set America on its delighted ear.

Michael Redgrave, the son in "Mourning Becomes Electra" gave the academic reputation of the motion picture industry a boost when he won a M.A. degree from Cambridge University.

In April, the United States gained two valuable new citizens in the persons of Elsa Lanchester and her husband, Charles Laughton.

And in September, the symbol of an era passed when Falcon's Lair, once the home of Rudolph Valentino, was removed from its lofty hill top in order for the way to be cleared for California's brisk new Hollywood Freeway, an express highway to speed all the world to and from Hollywood whose greatest legend is still Rudolph Valentino.

What To Tell Your Husband

Continued from page 37

wasn't annoyed, or helpless, or calling her moody. Neither did he tell her how wonderful she was and really had no reason to feel sorry for herself, which, after all, is what crying usually amounts to.

Instead, he simply put his arms around his wife and drew her close. When she stopped crying they discussed the cause of her tears. Because Esther had always shared her studio problems with Ben, he had gained an understanding and insight into the difficulties that confronted her at work. Production difficulties. The attitude of her co-workers. Which type of work fatigued her most. What dramatic and personal problems bothered her during the day and carried on into the home life. Through the common sharing of her experiences, Ben knows Esther's problems as well as he knows Esther herself. With Ben's help, her self-confidence was quickly regained. Not like the days before they were married when problems would persist for days.

To Esther, marriage, love and companionship are not based solely on pleasurable moments, with any discussion of fearsome and serious problems to be avoided. She feels that the wedding vow was intended to include everything—"for better or for worse." That's why she confides in Ben her troubled thoughts as well as her happy ones. That's why she doesn't shy away from talking about war, atom bombs, or any other subject that depresses her—including the budget! Although the latter is a touchy subject, Esther will admit when her planning and the cashier's stub don't match. By sharing all these factors, big and small, Esther feels that husband and wife can find sincere comfort in each other.

Fathers, according to Esther, love to hear everything about their growing infants. Ben, of course, is a typical father. He is fascinated by anything that concerns their baby, from a tumble off the lawn chair to the bottle of milk he wouldn't finish for lunch. No incident is too trifling for "Big Ben" when it concerns "Little Ben."

Like most wives, Esther does her share of haggling—although at times it fires back.

Her pet complaint is her spouse's inability to contribute to one of the virtues she cherishes most—tidiness. When he takes off his shoes in the living room, that's where they stay. When he leaves his jacket draped over a lawn chair, unless someone else should pick it up and deliver it to its lawful owner or deposit it in his closet, it would probably stay in the garden until little Ben was big enough to wear it.

Would it be wiser for the wife to clean things up after her husband and say nothing? It certainly would be—because each time the subject is brought up, Ben simply comes back with the brutally truthful query, "Do you always put your clothes away, honey? Seems to me I fell over your slippers only this morning."

And where does that get Mrs. Housewife? Nowhere. But she keeps on trying, anyway.

Being interested in their husbands' work and success is important to most women. To Esther it is vital. Just as Ben helps his wife with her career, she feels fully justified in handing out criticism and suggestions concerning their joint business enterprise, "The Trails" restaurant, managed by Ben.

Giving unasked criticism can lead to disaster, but not when it is in the realm of a woman's specialties. Esther usually carries out democratic procedures when tackling problems. However, one day when she tasted the coffee at "The Trails," she had to make herself known. "Bad coffee," she ejaculated, "is bad business. Bad business means customers stay away. Something has to be done about that coffee!"

What did she suggest? First, a new brand. The taste didn't improve. Next, she proposed letting the coffee boil a little longer. The coffee got worse. Instead of demanding further action from her busy husband, Esther took the task on herself and brought along her own coffee urn from home. After that, even general manager Ben Gage had to admit it was the best coffee he'd ever tasted. Some-

times a wise woman says nothing and acts quickly.

Keeping politics out of marriage is another lesson Esther has learned. Like many couples, their political opinions differ.

Esther has always been a confirmed Democrat whose political conviction dates back to the early thirties. She believes her family survived those difficult times only with the help of the Roosevelt administration. On the other hand, Ben's family—in better circumstances and Republican—was paying the taxes which helped the Williamses.

Once his wife had joined the upper income bracket and contributed the major share of her earnings to Uncle Sam, Ben thought she'd change her political views quickly. She didn't, so now the subject of politics is a closed one.

Imagination is an integral part of the human being. Whenever one spouse fails to meet an appointment and no word regarding the absence reaches the other, away runs the imagination. After Esther's experiences, she feels that wives and husbands should notify each other when something comes up.

Esther's imagination had painted all kinds of dreadful pictures the night Ben didn't show up until 6 a.m. It was not uncommon for her hardworking, conscientious husband to be kept at "The Trails" until 2:30 a.m. However, when, at dawn, Ben had neither shown up nor called, Esther was frantic. Much to her amazement, Ben walked into their bedroom, calm and collected. "I thought



The Whoop-De-Do was Betty Hutton's brain child and she performed with gusto despite her voice having given out. She will be in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show On Earth."



Linda Darnell visited New York recently and bowled the blase citizens over with her exceptional beauty. Here she is dining at the Stork Club with literary agent, Mark Hanna.

you'd be asleep, honey!"

Then the wifely avalanche broke loose. Ben listened patiently. When she finished, he quickly explained that he and his colored waiters were discussing the colored problem. Ben wanted them to know he was all for them.

Why didn't he call?

Because he thought she was asleep and didn't want to wake her up, and possibly Little Ben, too.

Esther sighed—and fell asleep. When she woke she'd forgotten all about it.

Esther believes a wife should not be afraid of letting her husband know when she's peeved at him. Just as she wants to be told when he feels she's in the wrong. Being frank with each other, in

all matters, only shows concern which is a lot healthier for a successful marriage than indifference.

"Marriage," says Esther, "cannot be based on separate tracks. The reason two people find each other attractive in the first place is because they have a great deal in common. I don't see why marriage shouldn't increase their interest and make each day more fun because there is someone to share your experiences. To me, this is the meaning of marriage, that's why to me, being frank has become as natural as breathing. I tell Ben everything—" Then she added with that twinkle in her eye again, "And I'm pretty sure he does the same."

Roy's Way Of Life Is Mine

[Continued from page 45]

when so much attention has to suddenly be paid to the newcomer.

When I finally was quite sure the time was practically at our doorstep, I suggested to Roy that he invite a group of his men pals over. He phoned his singing group and ran a picture for them. Meanwhile, my doctor was standing by at his own house. A few minutes before midnight I called to Roy that I was ready. I checked in at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital at 12:15 a.m. and Robin came at 2:04 a.m. She was an ideal seven pounds.

Roy didn't get pushed around as they claim some fathers do. He saw the baby before he left, and then stayed up till dawn telephoning sleepy friends that his daughter was twenty inches long, and other startling facts!

I was using a phone myself by 9 a.m. I called Roy's mother out in the San Fer-

nando Valley then. She couldn't believe I was conscious that quickly. So I called up half-a-dozen other friends to astonish them.

Robin's arrival was not a big production, because Roy and I don't care for exaggeration. I was thrilled with my room at the hospital. The nurses there had gotten together and maneuvered me the newly decorated one at the end of a hall. It was the first rest I'd had in years. I got in lots of sleeping for a change. But I'm convinced that the more active one is, the healthier he or she will be both mentally and physically. So I was soon looking forward to visiting hours. My mother had been in town for a month from Italy, Texas. We'd had our nicest visit in fifteen years. So, of course, she hurried to see me and Robin. Roy's mother was as excited. Our minister and his wife called on me right away, and I

appreciated that.

Two strangers appeared out of nowhere. A fan walked in with a present for Robin, and a young boy came in with an armload of roses for me, because we'd met once.

I got home as speedily as I could. I didn't have to tell Roy how much I missed the gang. Four-year-old Dusty beat everyone out to the car to greet me. He ran his finger across the baby's forehead to be sure she was real, and then announced that she was his! He couldn't get over her little ears. They were more than he had counted on.

Cheryl and Linda were reassured, as well as Dusty, that they weren't being displaced. I told Roy I had to talk to them again about that on my first day home. I'd had so much fun dressing Cheryl and Linda, and they're to help me with every detail about Robin, while Dusty helps his father with the man's work around a house.

The first day was so comparatively calm I shooed Roy off to the ranch at Lake Hughes so he could attend to some matters he'd let wait there. The second day began with a crash at 6 a.m. I'd gotten Dusty's nurse for his first six months to return to us. At dawn she started for Robin's milk and fell down the back stairs. She fainted. I had to get her off to a hospital to take care of a fractured wrist and a bleeding nose. My mother and Florence Hargis, the wife of our radio producer and a nurse herself, came to my rescue. My pediatrician arrived at 10:30 a.m. and waded through the commotion. Today's infant sits up for her bottle of milk, to my utter amazement. But I'm not going to lag behind when doctors have acquired new wisdom, so Robin was propped up and taking her nipple with a fine flair when Roy got back that noon. "A week old and she's sitting up!" he cried, aghast. Ten days after her birth the twenty-five pounds I'd gained was gone and my waistline was only one inch larger than before. "See what riding opposite you in the movies does for me!" I quipped.

I am not positive, at this point, how much more I'll do in the movies. I couldn't be happier, professionally. Teaming with Roy on the screen is a lark. Only he makes about seven films a year, and that means so much time away from home for me. I can sandwich in our radio shows and make our records simply enough, but when I make a movie it demands long days away. So I just don't know what we'll do on that score. If I could be his leading lady only part of the time, if the fans would permit that, it'd be an ideal compromise for me.

Roy knows how completely he has altered my life. I imagined I might be a great blues singer originally. I was soloist with Anson Weeks' Band, then headlined in Chicago in the dinner room at the Drake Hotel and at the Chez Paree. I had my own Sunday coast-to-coast CBS spot. I wore the satin evening gowns a sophisticate employs as a uniform. I liked to sleep peacefully till afternoon and shine in the evening. I forgot the outdoors existed.

When I got into pictures I was still aiming to score as a "hep" girl in glitter-

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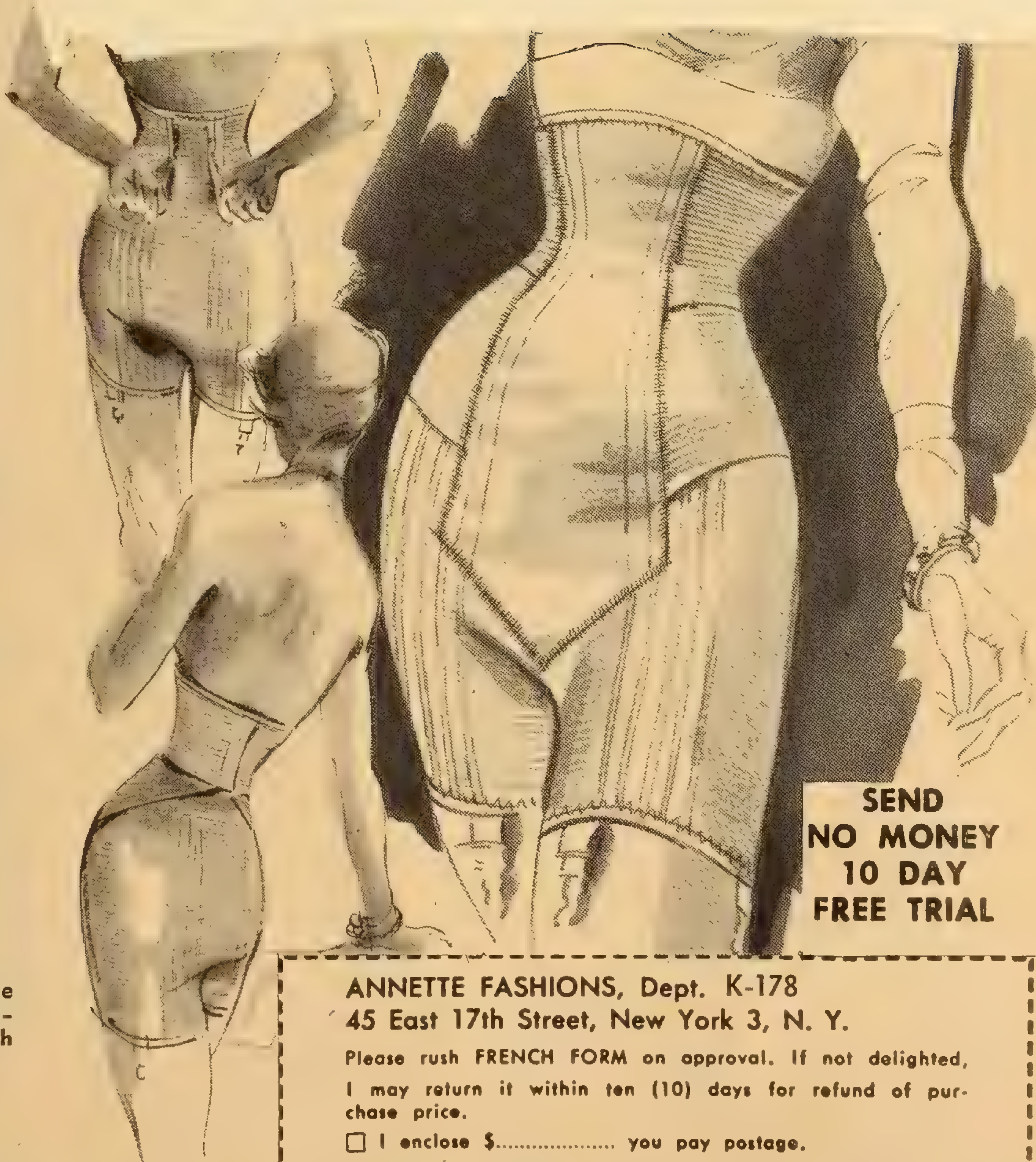
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ing musicals. I didn't. They tried to make me into another Alice Faye at 20th, but couldn't. I was still paying no attention to the sunshine when I won a second try at the movies at Republic. I wasn't cast with Roy at first because the Western locations were too rugged for me. Besides, I couldn't ride. When at last they cast me with Roy I had to secretly take some fast riding lessons. I continued to sing torchy songs on the radio, with Edgar Bergen, Jack Carson, and then Jimmy Durante. I only began to sing Western songs when I had to—to sing with Roy. Now I love them. And I love the wholly new way of living he opened up for me. I not only enjoy mountain trips, but I hunt and fish and sleep in zippered sleeping bags high up in the great open spaces, to which he's introduced me. I've gone completely Western in my wardrobe, too. Like Roy, everything I wear has a distinct touch of the West.

While it's all been new to me, it's really been a reverting to what I was intended for—because I spent my girlhood in a small town and my parents were very sound, sensible people. When Roy and I married we each sold the houses we had and picked out our present house. We agreed we'd stay put in it at least ten years. Everyone seems to move around in California, but I've told Roy how much I want roots for us, and he sees my point. We want the children to go to the same school, year after year, so they will feel that they "belong" to it and to the community. They go to a public school, of course. The three older ones are all agog when they can visit the studio, but I limit that to one visit for each of Roy's pictures. We don't want them hanging around the sets, becoming jaded.

Here at home the two older girls have definite little household chores. With Dusty, they keep regular hours. They're up early (*aren't we all in this house!*) and they rest after lunch, and they are allowed to go to the movies once a week.

I don't believe in giving kids too much. That smothers their instinct to amount to something by their own wits. I want Robin to have a very normal, happy-as-possible childhood. All of us have but one childhood, and it's the parents' duty to see that it's as advantageous a period as it can be. Protecting and embracing children isn't all you owe your family. Enough to eat and a place to sleep isn't sufficient security for them. You have to love them obviously, so they have no doubt of your stability. You also must love them enough to permit them to be individuals. Each child has the right to grow into his or her unique personality. If you don't respect this right when they're little you are stifling and distorting them.

The most valuable thing you can teach a child is to be loving. All of us have a capacity for love, but too often we haven't learned how to develop and use it. A child learns by observing his parents, by imitating. That's why I've told Roy our greatest obligation is to our home. He and I are on probation here, set the example. Of course, it's mighty easy to talk to Roy like this. He's so instinctively such a wonderful father he's miles ahead of me!

I've told Cheryl and Linda that they shouldn't tell the other children at school who their father is. "If you have to say your father is Roy Rogers to get any attention, then you're nowhere. We all have to create our own importance." Ego can devour a person, and it must be channelled into a decent ambition. So the four Rogers children are getting as little of the limelight as possible. To be well-adjusted, they must be self-reliant. I think travel is fine for children when it doesn't take them out of their regular school year. Last year we took Cheryl and Linda on their first trip with us, to the Future Farmers of America convention in Kansas City and a benefit at the Boys' Ranch at Amarillo. They missed one week of school then. They fell behind temporarily. I felt guilty. We

could stagger it, and treat each one of the kids to a trip once a year, I've said Roy. He's so eager to have them with me, he beamed!

Today it seems to me kids are too gh-strung. They have to be amused, when they should exert their own intelligence and invent their fun. They ask, "What can I do now?" because they've had too many toys, perhaps. It's a subject the Parent Teachers' Association can ponder over.

I want to give our children an inner security, so they can confidently choose what they want out of life and go after it. This means a religious training. Roy and I not only take the kids to Sunday school, but we attend our church faithfully. We are as active as we can be in church doings, for we feel each person should be and do all he professes as a Christian.

Robin has "joined the party" at our house. Each child has a niche in a parent's heart that no one else can ever take, so she won't get any special favors. Nobody is tiptoeing about because of her. Modern doctors agree that a baby's nervous system will be better if it's conditioned to the everyday ways of life right off. Early every morning the two biggest of our fifteen dogs tear up the stairs to gaze at Robin. They can peek through the glass door of her nursery, which was formerly our guest room. (*We have thirty-five pigeons, six horses, and three hamsters, but they're waiting until Robin can toddle, I guess!*) Roy's carpenter shop is in the garage, almost underneath Robin's room. He runs his motors and pounds down there. She's already used to noise.

It's been hard to go on a personal appearance tour with Roy, leaving the children home. We have completely reliable help. But it's so much fun to watch each child experience childhood! It won't be too long before we're bundling Robin into the car for one of our family picnics at Paradise Cove beyond Malibu. Just watching Linda eating sand on her hamburger is a treat to me.



A crew man obliges John Wayne with a light after doing scene for "Operation Pacific."

I'm making the girls take piano lessons, admitting I was too lazy myself when I had the opportunity. I take them shopping with me, let them handle the money for their things so they'll have an idea of values. I love to sew, so I whip up many of their dresses with real pride. Roy always gallantly vows my creations beat any from an expensive shop!

I didn't go to college. I hope all our kids do. I think it teaches one to be a little more analytical. Otherwise life is all trial and error, hit or miss. You make a mistake and sigh, "Well, I won't do that again." If one were not so impulsive, there'd be less time wasted on sidetracks.

Cheryl worked one day in Roy's new picture, "The Trail Of Robin Hood." It was filmed, her debut scene, on a Saturday, so she didn't miss any school. She doesn't even receive any billing, but she'll always remember that she stepped before the cameras at ten. She was so anxious to do it. But she isn't becoming a child actress. She's to go on with a normal childhood.

Mothering the Rogers gang is a magnificent reward, anyway I look at it. It's an intimate pleasure, and a constant challenge, for which I'm grateful every day. And I felt just like a pioneer woman in a Roy Rogers' movie the morning a grass fire started in the canyon above our home. I stood at our backdoor praying. The flames came within fourteen feet before the wind shifted and our house was suddenly saved. One more day, one more wonder!

Let's Stop Kidding

Continued from page 47

getting more and more uncomfortable. Finally, embarrassed, he walked away. He was no sooner out of sight than this person began unleashing some snide and gossip remarks about him. What's a star to believe?

That business of having to cut through others' veneer is one of the most bothersome items. Another thing that confuses me almost as much is the way some people expect me to live up to the glamour routine.

I know the publicity I once received had its purpose, but my private life would be a hectic thing if I tried to live according to the pictures built up about me. Why, I'd be the last person to regard myself as an exponent of the asthmatic sigh, the drooping eyelids.

Whenever I'm interviewed, I'm always asked the inevitable question: "What do you think of your sexy buildup?" I won't even answer that one now. Once a writer came to me to do a story on why I wouldn't talk about the "old hat" issue. She valiantly asked a few questions, I gave noncommittal answers, and finally she left with this remark, "Well, I can see you don't even want to talk about why you won't talk about the sexy buildup." It's just that I feel enough has been said and written about that and I have no desire to have it all



Farley Granger, who stars in Warners' "Strangers On A Train," meets Gorgeous Gussie Moran at Madison Square Garden in New York before one of her pro matches.

re-hashed again.

Naturally I can see the value of the type of publicity I've had. It's been a good saleable commodity. But I've never stopped wondering just what glamour is. Maybe it's an aura around a person. Maybe it's a pink cloud in a life. But, to me, it can only be described as the quality that made the late Lady Mendl—and Marlene Dietrich—remarkable figures. That is real glamour.

But glamour without the human element isn't very substantial stuff. I suppose I'm the old-fashioned gal in a way because I believe the human element lasts a lot longer on the screen than glamour alone. Take June Allyson, for example. Her natural wholesomeness has helped to make her a hit in pictures. She's the embodiment of the human element, and I've a hunch she'll be around a long time.

But can you see my trying to play a glamour part at home? Why, Robert, my husband, would probably say to me, "Who are you kidding?" Anyway, I do such dull things I couldn't possibly adopt that pose off the screen.

On the other hand, in "His Kind Of Woman" I play a part that combines the human element with sex appeal and that combination, kiddies, you'd better take home.

On the whole, I'm a pretty easy-going person when it comes to such career demands as publicity. I don't rear back and say, "No, not that!" on most things. I must confess that when I do an interview it's nice to read the story later and

feel that I could have conceivably been in on the interview. I guess I haven't been around long enough to understand the fantasy in the minds of some writers.

Nor do I actually enjoy posing for certain publicity stills. Not long ago I was doing a sitting and the perennial suggestion came—an alluring shot with an extreme decollete. I talked the photographer out of this since I told him that that era had done a fade as far as I was concerned.

Recently, I got the idea I was tired of long wardrobe fittings. In that respect, I'm no different from most actresses. There's nothing more tedious, but it's a vital part of the business. Now, instead of balking, which would get me nowhere, I only hope that the clothes will be attractive. What woman doesn't get a kick out of trying on good-looking gowns? If they are character clothes, I relax and merely make faces at myself in the mirror.

One fetish I have may strike some as odd and that's a dislike of working with a new group of people on each picture I make. I'm inclined to say what I think and, too often, new people don't understand. As a result, we take the first two months getting to know each other—and walking softly. Trying to become acquainted with a new crew, trying to figure them out and having them try to understand me gets pretty confusing.

I also hate personal appearance tours because they're very hard work. Long

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hours, six shows a day with interviews in between—that isn't ice cream. It's another necessary evil.

Yet, even though I feel about such things as I do I don't want to give the idea I'm disinterested in my career. That's definitely not true. I take my work seriously. If I didn't I wouldn't be working in pictures since I'm not one to knock my brains out on a job I don't enjoy. My attitude about my career, however, is to be interested in how it is going, to work hard, and to do my best always, but not to make it my whole life. That's taking too big a chance. I've been in Hollywood long enough to know that fame can be a fleeting thing and I don't want to build up so many illusions that I'd have an empty life if something happened to my career as an actress. While I have it I'll deliver conscientiously, but if it fades away I'll still manage to have a full life.

While I haven't the intense desire to climb higher and higher—even though I want to improve—I do want to play many different types of roles. However, in "Macao," my next picture, I again play a bad girl with a heart of gold. It may seem odd, but I adore playing such parts. It's just that I don't want to play straight, coy ingenues—or plain, dull girls. Nor will I go for mediocre scripts. If the day comes when I'm handed a bad screenplay I'll start blowing up. But what actor or actress wouldn't? So far I've never had to refuse any pictures. If I ever have to, I think there will be a slight repercussion.

I suppose some may tag me as temperamental for saying such things. I'm not. I can honestly say that. Temperament is old-fashioned anyway, and I can't waste my time staging such spectacles just because they might make an impression. However, I do feel that some stars get the "difficult" label when it's not their fault. I've worked with several who were said to be very temperamental, and yet I've never seen them lose their poise, their temper, or their dignity during an entire picture. On the other hand, I've seen cases where a star has been goaded and pushed until he does blow up. That is not his fault. And I don't call that being temperamental. If anyone took advantage of me, I'd blow my top, too. Who wouldn't? Besides, being sure of your ground doesn't mean you're temperamental. There's a great difference.

There are some stars who do put on the temperament where fans and autograph books are concerned. Fans don't bother me in the least. I'm glad I have them! I'd like to know where I'd be if they didn't want to see me on the screen. Sure I'll sign their books—and I don't care how many there are in the crowd.

I know one star who isn't too fond of requests for autographs but he is never rude. Once he had a good reason to be annoyed, though. He was lunching with a friend when a young girl came over, stared at him, and then said, "May I touch you?" The actor was embarrassed, but laughingly replied, "Well, yes, if you want to." The girl did so and then con-

tinued to stare at him. She began to make some peculiar remarks in her idolatrous fog, so finally the star had to tell her to go away. I must admit that kind of fan would be hard to take.

So much for the career business. When I'm away from the studio I certainly don't live the way you read that stars do—the social whirl, the big parties, and the like. I wouldn't get very far with that with Robert around anyway. He has no particular interest in my career, except to know whether it's going ahead or backward. He kiddingly remarks, "It's okay what you do as long as you don't embarrass the family." When he isn't on tour with the Rams and is at home I do put my foot down on career demands. I won't do anything that takes me away from home, unless he advises me to. Robert's more practical than I am.

Robert is primarily understanding about my career—and bored by it. I don't let it interfere with our life. I feel the same way about his career. In fact, I'd never go near the game of football if he weren't playing. We both understand this attitude, so it causes no friction.

As a housewife I leave much to be desired. I just don't go for cooking and housekeeping. Robert used to do most of the cooking because he liked it. Now we have a housekeeper. Occasionally, I'll putter around the house, but not often. Robert is no longer even surprised by my lack of domestic leanings.

We live very simply. We aren't concerned with giving lavish parties. Most of our friends are people whom we have known for years. Robert hates to go to a nightclub, which doesn't bother me too much, although there are times when I'd like to go out on the town just for the fun of it. I'm like any gawking movie fan when we do go anywhere.

We have a pool, but it's part of our love of outdoor living. It's not there just to add to the scenery. That is about the only concession we make to living star-like.

I don't even dress like a star half of the time. I wear alluring gowns in pictures, but at home, or when I go to the market, I'm the blue jeans and slacks type—something which Robert isn't always entirely in favor of. Certainly I like to wear good-looking gowns when I go anywhere that is slightly elegant, but I'd probably laugh at myself if I started going around thinking I was going to be listed as one of the ten best dressed women in America. Not that I'd mind the honor, but there are more important things than gilding this lily.

When you come right down to it, the things that bother me are the same things that would annoy me even if I weren't in pictures. I'm glad I have such a career because it has given me more self-confidence than I once had, but I don't ever want to lose sight of the characteristics that are me. I don't want to make an impression on anyone. I just want to be myself. If I tried to be anything else, I'm sure Robert would be heard from. I may not surprise him any more, but he certainly knows he's not married to a movie star!

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Ginger Rogers and Director Richard Whorf relieve the tension of film-making by clowning on the set between scenes of "The Groom Wore Spurs" at Universal-International studios.

The Happy Lundigans

Continued from page 43

sharp suits from expensive tailors. Bill dresses as conservatively as a young bank vice president who is about to draw up a will for a wealthy dowager. He likes white shirts, plain ties, and suits in greys and beige. In fact his friends have to sort of keep an eye on him, and insist that they go along on his occasional shopping sprees (*he loathes shopping*). "Bill," said one of them, "has to be watched—or he'll dress like an undertaker."

Every Saturday night there's a good old-fashioned hoedown at the Apple Valley Inn. People come from miles around to do their do-si-dos to a name band. But Bill was having none of it. He was still embarrassed over the "exhibition" he claims he made of himself when he innocently became involved in a Charleston contest at the Mocambo several weeks before. Bill is a good smooth dancer, not a showoff. But don't ever dance with Bill if you're less than six feet and suffer from claustrophobia. You can't see a thing on the dance floor except the buttons on his coat.

The next morning the Lundigans went to church (*Bill takes his religion seriously*) and after a leisurely lunch he went for a swim. Then back to Hollywood in time for a good night's sleep before starting to work the next morning on "The House On Telegraph Hill." Anniversaries in filmdom, you see, can be observed intelligently. Just because you are a movie star you don't really have to tear up the Mocambo, drench yourself in champagne, go into debt, and spend the next day in ice packs and aspirin.

Studios never have any trouble getting Bill to work on time. He could easily pick up a little extra change by unlocking the gates. He likes to get up around five in the morning and study his script while he drinks his coffee. This is the

cross that his wife, a late sleeper, has to bear. "Bill is the happiest person in the world around five in the morning," says Rena sadly. "Just when I am finishing a book and going to sleep."

Bill's career is definitely on the up-beat these days. Like a lot of the boys who fought for their country (*Bill was in the Marines*) in the last war Bill had a hard time picking up where he left off. But evidently Saturn has stopped needling Leo and Leo has stopped snapping at Virgo and all's right with his heavenly bodies of late. Today 20th Century-Fox, where he is under contract, considers him one of their top male stars. Much of his splendid performance in "Pinky" had to be cut, but the picture was a springboard for him. He followed it with a comedy performance in "Mother Didn't Tell Me," with Dorothy McGuire. Then came the Technicolor musical, "I'll Get By," in which he plays a composer who falls in love with June Haver. Bill, a hard worker, spent hours practicing up on his piano technique for this. However, he assured me, his piano playing will not exactly make cinema history. If cinema history is made in this picture it will be by Dennis Day. Dennis, after several false starts, really comes a winner this time.

And Bill is indeed getting a variety of roles these days. Which is a great relief after all those early years at Warners where he was always playing Olivia de Havilland's brother. "I began to feel that I was really related to her."

As the young circuit rider minister in "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain," Bill gives a performance, it is rumored, of Academy Award calibre. This sincere and moving film was adapted from Corra Harris' famous book, "The Circuit Rider's Wife," which concerned her experiences as the wife of a peripatetic par-

son who carried the gospel to such towns in Georgia as Nacoochee, Mossy Creek, Hiawasee, Helen, Cleveland, Clarkesville and Demorest in the late 1890's. The picture was made on actual location in and near these towns in the Blue Ridge Mountains of north Georgia. Susan Hayward plays the circuit rider's wife, and other members of the splendid cast are Alexander Knox, Lynn Bari, Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates, Ruth Donnelly and Gene and Kathleen Lockhart. Acting in it also are five hundred natives of north Georgia, simply having the time of their lives. Among the natives having the best "bits" are C. L. Stowers, a fifty-four-year-old one-horse farmer from Nacoochee; Harvey Hester, a plump, jovial restaurant operator from Atlanta; H. E. Bowen, a drama teacher from Piedmont College in Demorest; Mrs. Mildred Ferguson, a housewife of Fayetteville, and ten-year-old Richard Wilson, a semi-professional from Atlanta.

Director Henry King went into the back country to find buildings and roads untouched by progress and contractors. At Demorest he used a tin-roofed railroad station squatting complacently on a red mud road, and a train from the rickety Tallulah Falls Railway whose crews, hired as actors, rescued from the mothballs uniforms that they wore in better, passenger-carrying days. At Clarkesville he married Susan and Bill in a 116-year-old, white colonial church hand-built by slave labor with wooden peg nails, and containing a gallery for the slaves. The ceremony was performed by seventy-four year-old Dr. Wallace Rogers, a prominent Methodist minister of Atlanta, who, like the rest of the local talent, never dreamed of being an actor.

"They were so good, those local Georgians," says Bill, "that they put us Hollywood actors to shame on several occasions." And the good ladies who weren't acting, it seems, were busy cooking for the California visitors. "I know now," says New York State-born Bill, "what people mean when they talk about a

'groaning board' in the South. I never saw so much food. I ate my way through black-eyed peas, turnip greens, fried pies, fried chicken, fried catfish and hush-puppies." (A hush-puppy is a corn meal ball containing onions and cheese fried in catfish grease. It gets its name from the fish-fry custom of throwing something to the begging dogs and saying, "There, hush, puppy.")

Bill, naturally, was quite a favorite with the ladies, young and old. His good looks and unaffected charm won them completely. And talk about your Southern chivalry—why I'll have you know that Hollywood's Mr. Lundigan not only outdid all the gallants of the Old South but even put it over on England's Sir Walter Raleigh. Whereas Sir Walter merely placed his coat over a mud puddle for a lady to walk across, Bill took off his coat in the rain and placed it under the rear wheels of a lady's automobile which was mired in the slick red Georgia mud. Then with a little pushing he helped her car out of the rut. Now that's real chivalry. Makes those gallants of history sound like a bunch of goons.

Bill's innate good manners go unnoticed in Hollywood where the boys make a fetish of bad manners. Bill has never scratched himself in public, never crushed an egg in his hand when he shook hands with a studio executive, never gone to a party without his socks. Emily Post would give him A plus on his table manners. Of course, he doesn't get as much space in the newspapers and magazines as Marlon Brando—but it gets him a lot of real friends. He's so punctual at parties, completely unheard of in Hollywood, that he and Rena often have to drive around the block for a quarter of an hour to give the hostess time to get her make-up on.

Another vogue among the male stars of Hollywood is to make a combination servant and comedian out of their stand-ins. Not Bill. When Bill wants coffee he goes after it himself. When he wants



Craig Stevens pays a surprise visit to his wife, Alexis Smith, in her dressing room at Universal-International where she is finishing up her starring role in "Undercover Girl."

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laughs he turns on Jack Benny. He just doesn't go in for *characters*. "Except me," says Rena.

Rena did not go to Georgia with Bill. In fact, Rena never goes on location with Bill, and in five years has never been on one of his sets. She just doesn't believe that an actor's wife should hang around the studio. She feels that Bill is capable of eating the right things, or the wrong things, for lunch without her supervision. And certainly capable of doing his scenes without any offstage coaching from her. The studio is very grateful to Mrs. Lundigan. They'd like more wives like her.

Rena believes, and rightly, that this staying away during working hours has a lot to do with keeping her marriage on an even keel. Her other recipe for a happy marriage is one car. One-car families in Hollywood rarely, if ever, get divorced.

The Lundigans live in a rented cottage in the nice but unpretentious part of Beverly Hills. They are not people who get bored if they don't have someone with them every minute. Rena often cooks dinner at home, fried chicken is her speciality, after which Bill reads, everything from Craig Rice to Dostoyevsky, until nine o'clock when he goes to bed if he's working the next day. Bill is not a handy man around the house. He will cook only under duress. And he never picks up after himself. One of his nicest traits is a complete lack of curiosity. "But just the same," adds Rena, "he always seems to know everything about everything." The Dennis O'Keefes, the William Boyds and the Chic Chandlers are their best friends among the movie folk.

This very pleasant young man was born in Syracuse, New York, the son of Martha and Michael Lundigan who had Ireland in their souls. From them and his Irish grandparents Bill inherited his happy spirit. He attended grammar school and the William Nottingham High School in Syracuse. At Syracuse University he majored in law. But from the age of ten Bill had other interests besides lessons and law. His father, who was in the shoe business, had a store in the same building that housed WFBL, a CBS affiliate. At sixteen Bill was not only playing roles but he was producing three shows—a minstrel, a dramatic and a musical. One of his masters of ceremony was Gordon MacRae, then all of eleven years old.

He struck up an acquaintance with an exploitation fellow visiting at WFBL, and at his suggestion went to New York to make a screen test. The next thing he knew he was on his way to Hollywood with a contract. That was in 1937. In June, 1943, he enlisted in the Marines, and served with the First Marine division in the Pacific, engaging in operations at Peleliu and Okinawa. He was honorably discharged in November, 1945.

Bill is one of the more serious-minded actors of this town. He takes an active part in the Screen Actors Guild, and can always be counted upon to serve on worthwhile charitable and civic committees. Perhaps this doesn't make him as colorful as Lawrence Tierney or Victor Mature or Errol Flynn. But it makes him a good man to have around the house. And to have around Hollywood, too.



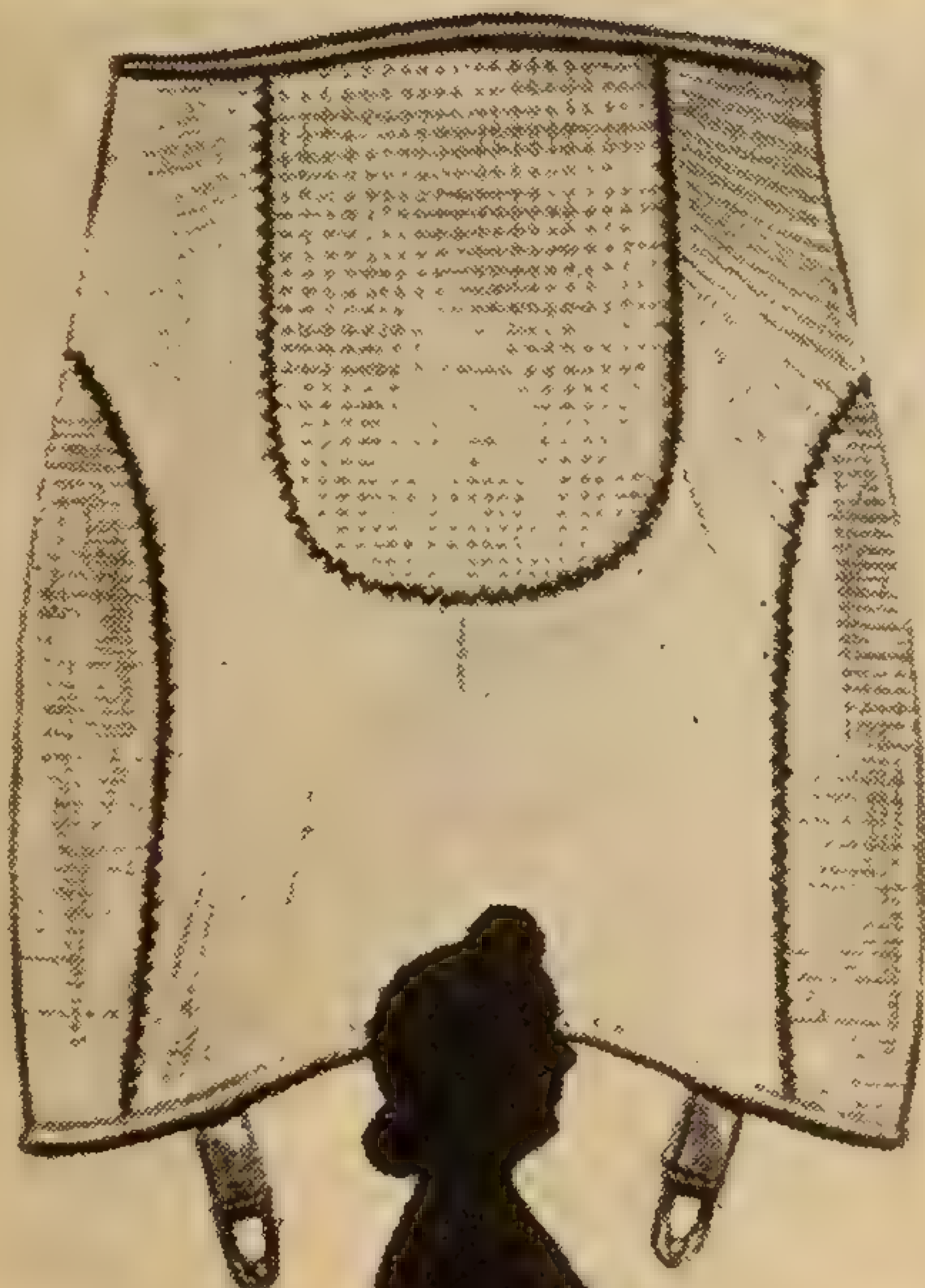
Barbara Davis Sherry, talented daughter of Bette Davis, makes her screen debut in her mother's new picture, "The Story Of A Divorce." Here they are in a scene in the RKO film.

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Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes' new discovery whose career got off to a flying start with starring role in the RKO film, "Where Danger Lives," is currently appearing in "Vendetta."

Dual Role For Jane

Continued from page 25

which had everyone, including Jane, completely confused, as there was already a picture called "The Outside Wall." As Jane was leaving the studio one night a fan rushed up to her for an autograph. "What picture are you making now?" he asked conversationally. "The Outside Wall," said Jane. "Huh," said the fan. "That picture is playing the corner theatre next Friday." "Yes, I know," said Jane hastily. "That's why we're working nights to finish it."

In "The Company She Keeps" Jane plays a parolee who has her problems. "My character's main problem in the picture," she told me in the modernistic and elegant Lasker living room, where young Albert was pushing buttons and things were popping in and out, "is deep-rooted insecurity. But she is a good girl at heart. At least I don't have egg on my face." Sharing star billing with her are Dennis O'Keefe and Lizabeth Scott. Dennis is about the most amazing actor she has ever met. To improve the story he wrote himself right out of one of his best scenes. "Imagine," said Jane, "an actor doing a thing like that."

Jane has been the smouldering, passionate type in most of her pictures up to date. ("Unless I have a gun in my hand I'm not Jane Greer," she says sadly). The day she gets out of her sultry rut will be a great day for Jane. She'd like to do romantic comedy. And with her sense of humor and her flair for comedy

(she can tell a story that will have you laughing for hours) Jane would be excellent in romantic comedy.

"But musical comedies are out," said Jane. "I can't dance." Jane had a very harrowing experience in a musical soon after she came to Hollywood. RKO was making "George White's Scandals." The director told Jane that she was in for a dance routine in the big production number. "I didn't even know a simple time step," said Jane, "but I gulped and hurried out to take lessons. At the end of the week I had worked out a pretty good tap. When the day came for the rehearsal of my dance number I saw, in cold horror, that they were dragging prop steps out on the stage. 'Look, boys,' I said breaking out in goose pimples, 'I learned on dry land.' Those steps scared me. I kept thinking I'd stumble and break a leg. I was horribly bad. They called a conference in the front office and were all for taking me out of the picture. But it seems that my plot scene had been shot so they couldn't take me out. So they had George White say to Phil Terry, 'Why that girl is no dancer.' And he was so right."

Jane is so serious about becoming a good actress (She likes to tell about the little starlet who said, "I don't want to be an actress, I just want to be a movie star.") that she goes three afternoons a week to take dramatic lessons from one of Hollywood's best coaches. Studies overtime at it. But she is not one to

bring Bernhardt into the living room. Jane is a very relaxed girl, with no tensions, and no burning desire to set the world on fire. She has an inferiority complex that, instead of being a bore to her friends as most i.c.'s are, is a joy and a delight. For instance, her voice.

She actually has a very nice singing voice. She sang in "Station West" with Dick Powell. But she likes to tell you about a meeting with a friend shortly after the picture was released. "Jane," he exclaimed dramatically, "what they did to you in that picture! You have such a good voice. Why didn't you insist upon doing your own singing? The voice they dubbed in for yours was terrible. But that's Hollywood for you."

"I simply didn't have the heart to tell him," said Jane, "that I recorded that song for a whole day."

Jane has always been a girl for hobbies. At present her hobby is painting. But Picasso needn't get excited. Her best work so far has been on a straw hat and a pair of white satin evening slippers—both of which she proudly showed me, and I admired her handiwork. The strawberries on the hat, she confessed, were sort of hybrid strawberries, and the slippers weren't exactly what she had had in mind. Seems that she couldn't buy any slippers to match a new evening gown for a certain party. So, late in the afternoon she decided to paint her white satin slippers. "The only trouble," she said, "was that I didn't mix up enough paint on the tray, and had to keep mixing up a new batch. It never came out the same color. The slippers looked like Joseph's coat of many colors." Also, they didn't dry in time. So she spent all evening at the party with her feet stuck out awkwardly. Naturally people thought she was trying to show off something devastatingly expensive in new footwear—and they kept telling her, "What lovely hand-painted slippers, Jane!" Hand-painted, they were.

Before painting, her hobby was sewing. She bought a sewing machine and six easy lessons. But never got around to taking them. She proceeded to make over all her clothes, with shuddering results. One day she tackled her ermine stole. It has never been the same since. A very unathletic girl she once decided to have a go at tennis. "Tennis, anyone?" she thought would be a pleasant hobby. She rushed over to Magnin's and bought herself a jaunty outfit, shorts, T-shirt, cap and cashmere sweater to drape casually over her shoulders. She took three lessons. She was just getting the ball over the net when she decided there must be easier hobbies. For months she used her expensive racquet to wave at friends as she drove along Sunset Boulevard in a convertible with the top down. The studio—she was doing cheesecake at the time—persuaded her that she was positively dreamy in a white bathing suit. So Jane decided to have a go at swimming. But not for long. The best part of the pool, she is convinced, is the edge.

Jane excels at all indoor sports. She

is a whiz at all card games, and plays solitaire for relaxation. She loves cross word puzzles and brain twisters. She likes parties and movies and practical jokes. She put over a very neat one on the director and producer of her last picture. The dialogue called for someone to ask her, after ringing her phone, "Did I wake you?" Jane made up her own lines. "Oh no, you didn't wake me. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

"It got by in the rushes," said Jane gleefully. "But they're bound to catch it before the preview."

She has two wonderful stories which she likes to tell on herself:

Jane is one of the few stars to arrive in Hollywood (*Pasadena, that is*) without fanfare. But don't blame that on Mr. Hughes. The Hughes Eastern office—Jane had been tested and signed by Hughes in the East—did very handsomely by Jane and her mother on their first trip to Hollywood. A drawing room on the Super Chief no less. Jane looked at the tickets and said, "What a waste of good money, when we need rehabilitation." For the price of the drawing room she bought a new suit for herself, and a coat for her mother, and two uppers on a strictly non de luxe train. The photographers and press agents met the Super Chief. She sent a wire that she had missed connections in Chicago.

After a year in Hollywood under contract to Mr. Hughes, and no pictures, Jane decided that she'd better do something about breaking her contract. The War was on and Mr. Hughes was more interested in planes than in pictures. When Jane contacted his office they said all right she could buy back her contract if that was the way she felt about it. The price was \$7,572 and Jane arranged to pay it in weekly installments of \$25. Jane kicked in with two installments. Then she thought it over. Mr. Hughes was a multi-millionaire. He didn't need the \$25 per. And she did, how she did! So she stopped paying. Nothing happened. But about a year later she met Mr. Hughes in a restaurant, and before she could say hello he inquired about his payments. Jane turned red and started to stammer. He smiled at her embarrassment and quickly assured her that he hadn't even expected her to make the first two payments.

After she broke her contract with Mr. Hughes she signed with RKO. So what happened? Mr. Hughes bought RKO lock, stock and barrel, and she's working for him again.

Jane has no patience with movie stars who consider themselves sensitive artistes and above such mundane things as press and photographers. She is always agreeable and cooperative on an interview. She claims she loves to see her name in print. But she's not quite as bad a publicity hound as she was in the old days when she used to comb the columns and magazines for any little mention for her scrapbook. There was a starlet at MGM at that time named Jane Green who was getting around to all the nightclubs. She would get the

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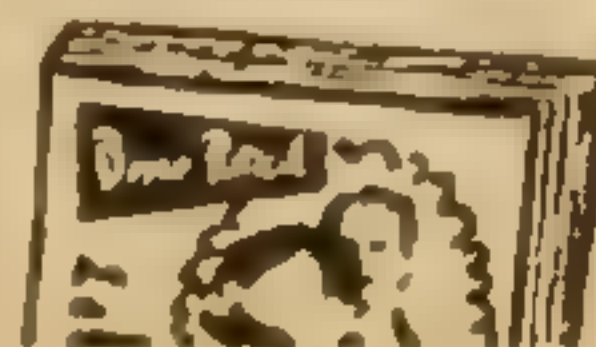
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column breaks, but Jane would clip them anyway for her scrapbook, explaining to her friends, "Why, they spelled my name wrong. How careless of them."

She'll always have a tender spot for the photographers. Because of them she got her Hollywood contract. Jane was singing with an orchestra in Washington when a photographer suggested

that she pose in the first uniforms issued to the WACS. The photographs appeared in a magazine. And three producers immediately sent their talent scouts to contact her.

"Why, I'm so eager to have my picture taken," Jane has told her photographer friends in nightclubs, "that I'll probably trip you if you don't take it."

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

men make one last desperate attempt to swing a victory for the near-defeated Confederacy by capturing the West. Instead, because they rescue a Yankee girl from Shoshones on the warpath, Errol and his men become primarily concerned with saving their own hides. The girl, Patrice Wymore, is engaged to a Yankee officer who comes searching for her with an entourage of three soldiers and three Indian scouts. Using Patrice as a decoy, the seven men are captured by Flynn, but two of the Indians are killed while trying to escape. The other gets back to his people and returns with hundreds of warriors bent on swift revenge. Based on an episode in American history, this shows the heroism of a handful of men whose mission was doomed from the start.

Cry Danger Olympic—RKO

EXCITING, swift-paced thriller straight out of the hard-fisted, tough-talking school of mystery writing. Dick Powell has served five years of his life sentence for armed robbery and murder when Marine veteran Richard Erdman produces an alibi which shows Dick was innocent of the charge. With Dick free, several rather rotten characters, including menace William Con-

rad, attempt to steer him away from his objective: to find out who framed him and why. Once he has the solution, Dick figures his buddy who was sent up with him will also be exonerated. It takes a lot to convince Dick that the price of many things, including friendship, often comes high. Lending assistance, good and otherwise, to Dick are Rhonda Fleming and Detective Regis Toomey.

Wyoming Mail (Technicolor)

Universal-International

WHAT with all the corrupt officials and underlings, according to this, it's a wonder early post offices ever got a toe-hold in the rough and ready West. Stephen McNally is hired by the postal chiefs to clean up some mighty dirty stickups that are threatening to ruin the newly installed mail-transportation-by-railroad. Steve pretends he's an escaped convict in order to facilitate getting to the top man of the mail-train marauders. After copious close shaves, he gets his boys, and girl, too, in the person of Alexis Smith, saloon singer extraordinaire. Plenty of commotion, confusion and fisticuffs, after which McNally and his opponents look as if they've been liberally doused with catsup—can't waste Technicolor, y'know. . . .

Nothing Can Stop Bette!

Continued from page 26

industry, she remained unparalleled. However, the time can come when it's possible for studios and their stars to outgrow each other. When Bette felt she could no longer cope with conditions, she decided to move on. It wasn't an easy decision to make. For one thing, there was a reputed \$200,000 per picture contract involved and rumors were rumbling that the Davis career was careening. They granted her request to be released. Parting was such sweet sorrow!

"I thought I'd have to wait at least a year," Bette confided to this writer, "before I'd find a good script. But instead of one—I found *two*! And now the most wonderful thing has happened to me. I believed in those scripts the way I used to believe when I made

pictures like 'Jezebel,' 'Dark Victory,' 'The Letter,' 'The Corn Is Green'—to name a few. As a result, I have my self-respect as an actress again—something I lost when I had to play roles that weren't right in pictures that were wrong. Nothing can stop me from now on!"

One only has to look at Bette these days to *know* that nothing can stop her, perhaps from being even better than she ever was before. That "good egg" appellation was only the beginning of a local reaction to the prevalent Davis spirit. At 20th Century-Fox, where she made "All About Eve," co-workers and the working press discovered the Bette of old was back. Her sets (*not necessarily closed at her request in the past*)

(Please turn to page 70)

RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops In Movie Music

"TWO Weeks With Love," MGM album from film of same name, starring Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban . . . Peggy Lee's "Life Is So Peculiar," from "Mr. Music," and "Once In A Lifetime" for Capitol . . . Gordon MacRae's "You Love Me," from "West Point Story," and "You're Gonna Lose Your Gal" for Capitol . . . "The Song Of Delilah," from "Samson And Delilah," and "If I Were A Bell" by Art Lund for MGM . . . Frank Sinatra's "Accidents Will Happen," from "Mr. Music," and "One Finger Melody" for Columbia . . . Billy Eckstine's "Be My Love," from "Toast Of New Orleans," and "Only A Moment Ago" for MGM . . . "Jing-A-Ling, Jing-A-Ling," from "Beaver Valley," and "Sweethearts On Parade" by Frank DeVol for Capitol . . . "Serenade In Blue," from "Orchestra Wives," and "Aren't We All," by Art Mooney for MGM . . . Lisa Kirk's "Life Is So Peculiar," from "Mr. Music," and "I'm Gonna Hang Your Picture In The Post Office" for Victor . . . Kay Starr's "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes," from "When You're Smiling," and "Please Love Me" for Capitol . . . Doris Day's "Tea For Two" album for Columbia . . .

Other Toppers

PERRY COMO'S "Marrying For Love" and "The Best Thing For You" for Victor . . . Mary Martin and Arthur Godfrey's "A Rainy Day Re-frain" and "C'Est Tout" for Columbia . . . Jo Stafford's "Autumn Leaves" and "Autumn In New York" for Capitol . . . Mills Brothers' "Thirsty For Your Kisses" and "Nevertheless" for Decca . . . Jack Fina's "Always You" and "Once In A Lifetime" for MGM . . . Bing Crosby-Patti Andrews' "If I Were A Bell" and "I've Never Been In Love Before" for Decca . . . Betty Hutton-Perry Como's "A Bushel And A Peck" and "She's A Lady" for Victor . . . Jack Smith's "Ca Va Ca Va" and "All My Love" for Columbia . . . Mel Tormé's "Say No More" and "I Owe A Kiss To A Girl In Iowa" for Capitol . . . Billy Eckstine's "I'll Know" and "I've Never Been In Love Before" for MGM . . . Jan Garber's "Daddy's Little Boy" and "Longing" for Capitol . . .

Grab Bag

"YES! We Have No Bananas" and "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula" by Spike Jones for Victor . . . Paul Weston's "Music For The Fireside" album for Capitol . . . Rosemary Clooney's "Where Do I Go From You" and "I'm The One Who Loves You" for Columbia . . . Phil Spitalny's "Lady Of Fatima" and "Ave Maria" for Victor . . . Lani McIntyre's "Hawaiian Nights" album for MGM . . . Joe Bushkin's "Piano Moods" for Columbia . . .

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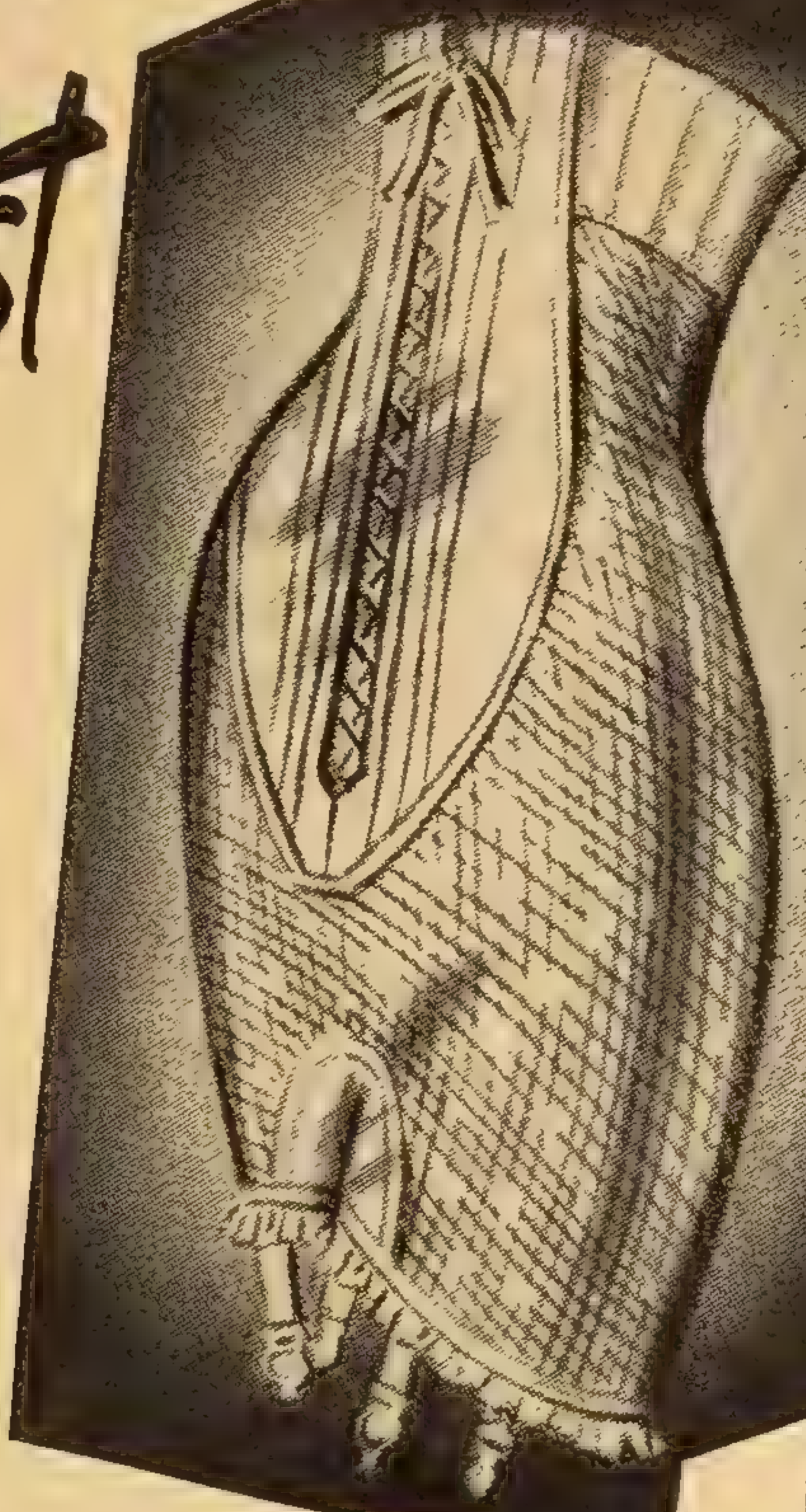
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(Shown on page 52)

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Long Beach, Calif. Buffums	Toledo, Ohio Miller & Thomas
Los Angeles, Calif. The Broadway Bullock's Coulter Dry Goods Co. J. J. Haggarty Stores May Co. Dept. Stores	Oklahoma City, Okla. John A. Brown Kerr's Halliburton's
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were wide open. Former evidences of pressure, undoubtedly aggravated by personal problems, were as absent as if they had never existed. Bette, who had faith in her role and enthusiasm for the studio that hired her to play it, scored a deserving triumph the day they previewed the picture.

Several dozen press people, amongst them those superskeptics who wouldn't have bet a plugged penny on the Davis future, sat there fascinated. When the lights went on again, there was a moment of stunned silence. Then they rose to their feet and applauded until the projection room was emptied. Bette, by every right and reason could have been highly amused or indifferent to their reaction. To the contrary, in her wise way she recognized the infallibility of a theory she has always tried to put into practice.

"I rarely comment on gossip or rumors concerning myself," Bette once told us. "If a thing is true, people won't believe you anyway, no matter how you try to explain. If it isn't, eventually the truth will be found out and not only do you gain back what you seemed to have lost, but oftentimes something additional as well!"

And so—through her own philosophy and good sense, by accepting that which ordinarily would have relegated the average actress to oblivion, Bette Davis remains unconquered. A truism if ever there was one, of course—Bette is NO average actress. An average actress, or even an average person, for example, never would have jeopardized her health as Bette did on her birthday last April. On this particular day, from screaming dialogue over loud machinery noises in "Story Of A Divorce," she broke a blood vessel in her throat. And with typical Davis humor she recalls:

"For me, NOT to be able to talk was the greatest 'role' I've ever played!"

Because her adored sister Barbara had planned a party for her at the end of this exhausting studio day, Bette drove all the way to Laguna Beach. In a gay little Mexican restaurant that had been taken over for the evening, she went from table to table carrying a pad and pencil! Some forty odd friends were present and there wasn't a "name" in the group. Bette scribbled endless messages until smoke practically poured out of her pencil! Suddenly, her lovely mother stood up and made a brief speech.

"I just want to say," she announced, "that at this moment 42 years ago—Bette was born!"

When this story reached the unbelieving ears of certain aging actresses, they were so shocked they immediately called in their psychiatrists! They probably were further flabbergasted when Bette agreed to have her little daughter Bee-Dee (Barbara) appear in "Story Of A Divorce." She had two worthy reasons. The first one was purely for sentiment's sake, because in later years the film would make a memorable keepsake. According to Bette:

"I'm not one of those mothers who believes in hiding things from her child.

I wanted Bee-Dee to know about my work, to understand what I meant when I said I had to go to the studio. Then she wouldn't wonder why other little girls' mothers were at home during the daytime, when hers wasn't. When I'm working, I always try to arrange for Bee-Dee to visit the set on Saturday."

While she was making "All About Eve" Bette divorced William Grant Sherry (who has since married their baby's former nursemaid) and met Gary Merrill. The first time she played a scene with the former New York stage actor, Bette turned to Director Joe Mankiewicz and said:

"This man is a fine actor. If he's handled right, he can become a very important star."

By the time the picture was finished, Gary, who had been close to it before he came to Hollywood, was divorced too. In keeping with her personal policy, Bette never discussed their romance, publicly or otherwise. During the pernicious period when front pages chronicled those Davis-Sherry stories, nothing could influence her to make a statement. It was Hollywood's general impression that she hung on to the point where her health and professional future were endangered. Of course, no one actually knows *anything* about it.

Bette became Mrs. Gary Merrill in what the newspapers called a "quickie" ceremony that took place in Juarez, Mexico. Unlike a few honeymoons we might mention, theirs neither began nor ended in the Mocambo! At Prouts Neck in Maine, where candid cameramen are conspicuous by their absence, Bette and Gary actually accomplished a way of living that most people in Hollywood just talk about.

At this writing plans for the future are uncertain. Gary has a picture to make in Germany. Bette may accompany him and accept one of those innumerable European offers. Then again she may make her next picture in Hollywood where every studio is after her. Of one thing she is sure. Now that she's discovered all over again that properly prepared scripts can be shot in thirty-three days *without* argument, it's the only way she'll do them.

A perfect example of the esteem held for Bette, is Barry Sullivan's reaction to working opposite her in "Story Of A Divorce." Because of his great admiration for the Davis talents, Barry literally devoted years to wishing he could make a picture with her. When Robert Young, who was originally announced, stepped out of his role, Barry stepped in. Later he learned that Bette, who had seen him do a play with Eve Arden at the little Las Palmas Theatre in Hollywood, had personally called MGM and asked if there was a chance of borrowing him.

The picture loomed like a reward to Barry for all those early days of struggle. There was only one fly in the lovely ointment.

"Working with you is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Barry told Bette one day on the set. "It makes up for some of those smelleroos I had to do, only now I think—I hate you!"

Before she could recover from her shock, he continued.

"You see, working with you has brought back all my old enthusiasm for acting again. So NOW what happens to me?"

What happens is, Barry, who's made ten pictures in twelve months at MGM, is now the hottest thing in Culver City. There's a new deal cooking, they've already started to star him and he's

destined to play some of those big, virile roles that are no longer right for Walter Pidgeon, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable.

Tucked away in the publicity files at Warners, is her original biography filled out in 1934 by Bette Davis. After the question, "What is your greatest ambition?" is written in her own handwriting: "To be a good actress."

Imagine her embarrassment—turning out to be a great one!

at Venice today. They are running my last picture, 'Once A Thief,' which William Wilder produced and in which June Havoc also appears. However, here I am, and Wednesday I have to be in London to finish 'Happy Go Lucky.' I'll be glad to get back to Hollywood. I miss my friends and family."

"Any certain person you'll be very glad to see?"

Cesar laughed.

"Certainly, my mother. I had a letter from her today. News from home—the death of Lamarr Trotti's son in an accident. The boy only 18. It was a terrible tragedy. Trotti is a producer at 20th Century-Fox. But good news about Ann Sothern, who is at Ocean House for a change and the sea air. And—"

"Yes?" I prodded gently.

"Hmmm," Cesar sighed, admitting defeat in this subtle by-play. "I have a home in Brentwood with my whole family living with me. Father and Mother and my two sisters and my niece and nephews and various pets. I miss them all."

"But surely there must be one woman—"

"Well, yes," he finally admitted. "And, surprising as it sounds, I had to go to London this Summer to find out how I felt—although I probably knew in my heart that she was the one all along. We bachelors are cautious to the extent that we secretly are so afraid of being ensnared in the heart department, that we pretend even to ourselves that falling in love is something we will never do."

No Wonder He'll Never Marry!

Continued from page 30

Cesar gasped for that pause that refreshes and remarked, "I have certainly had a very different time in Rome. The Romans driving those scooters down the street inspired me. I thought I was a kid again. I jumped on one and went for a ride, only to slide off when a horse and carriage and a motor bus both ran into my course. I skidded on my left arm like a baseball player sliding into base." Indicating his bandages, he smiled and said, "I am still in the scooter age."

I pretended I wasn't aware that he had chosen to ignore my questions. There was time. I had heard he had been escorting Barbara Stanwyck on a sightseeing tour of Rome and—

"Yes," Cesar smiled pleasantly, "I've known Barbara and Bob for years. With Bob working at Cinecitta on 'Quo Vadis,'

Barbara said she'd go with me to see the Colosseum and Vatican City. We climbed up to the top of Michaelangelo's dome on St. Peter's. Last night I joined some fifty thousand Holy Year Pilgrims and stood two and a half hours to glimpse the Pope. My cousin is a Franciscan monk and we were able to join a New England group of Pilgrims who were seated right by the Pope's throne. I held out my hand with my Rosary and His Holiness put his hand on mine and blessed them. He is a wonderful man," Cesar remarked. "The heat and the long wait after that scooter accident suddenly caused me to feel faint. I thought this will never do for me. I came home here immediately really feeling off the beam."

"I had planned to see the film festival

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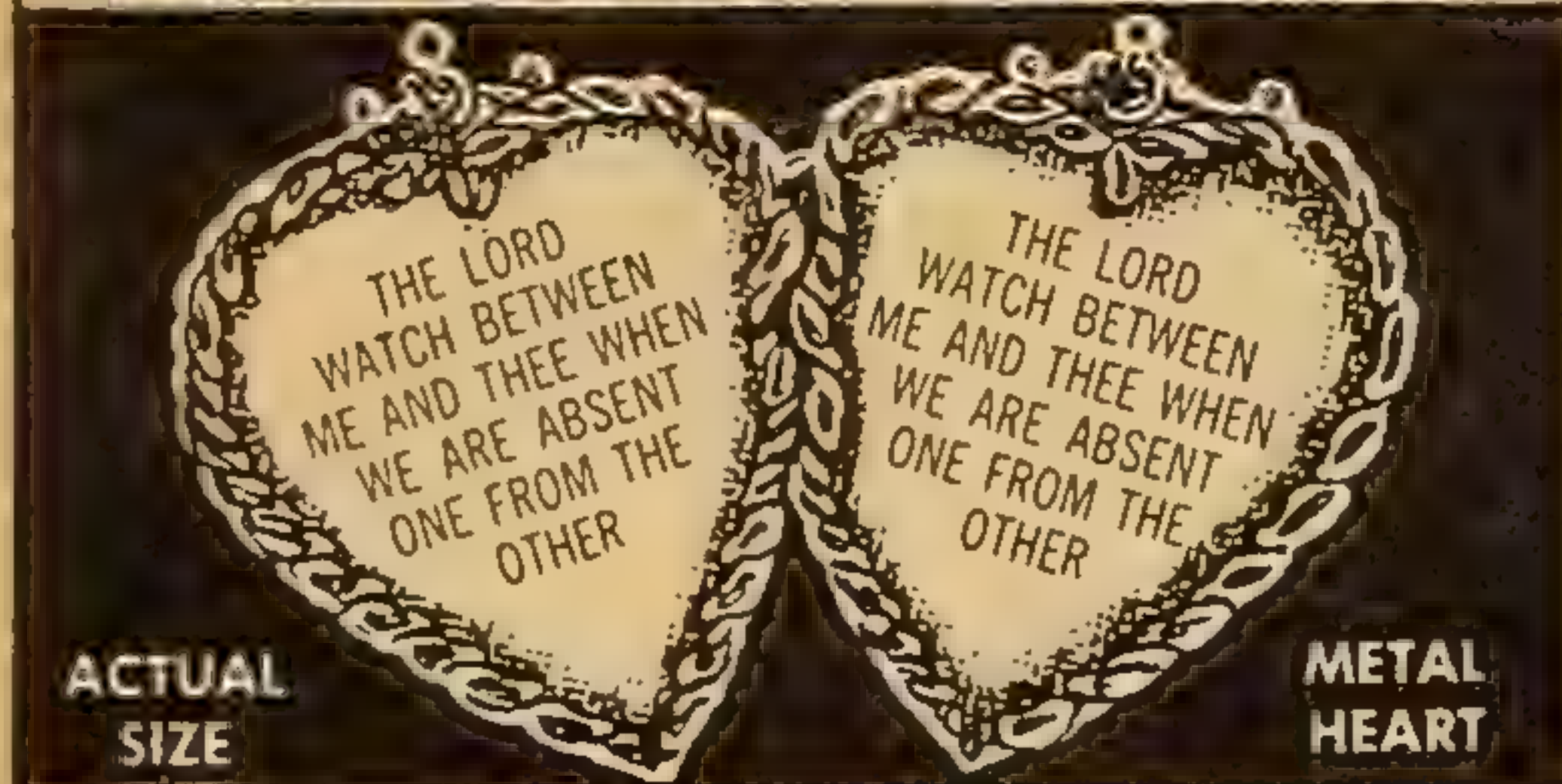


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(Shown on page 49)

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Sure, we say it is a great life, but that is because we have nothing better to offer ourselves. I knew in London when I saw this girl who reminded me of her that there was and always would be only one woman I would love. I discovered that she has always been in my heart and always will be. It was not love at first sight. Our romance was the kind that had no beginning that I can recall, and no end. We were engaged for two years. Though I shall never be sentimental or permit myself the luxury of discussing our romance, it will probably be in my heart until I die.

"I knew it fully when I saw this girl, her daughter, in London. You see this romance happened twenty years ago. I was a dancer in New York, dancing at the St. Regis Roof, as well as other well-known spots. I had girl dancing partners, but I was only 23 and I had never fallen in love. And then I met her. She was Marion Harris, a well-known singer. I have only to close my eyes to see her wide eyes, her rather sensitive, serious mouth, her both defenseless and independent attitude. She had a daughter, then nine years of age. My prospects did not guarantee security. Then something happened that seemed, given time, would come out well. I found myself, to my surprise, in pictures. Life hurried on—and suddenly she died.

"She was a lovely woman. I never knew anyone to be quite like her. As the years sped by, I kept thinking I'd meet someone like her, but I never have. This Summer, I met her daughter in London and knew then I never would marry.

"It was strange," Cesar continued, "meeting Mary Ellen, who looks exactly like her mother. The same radiance, the same smile, the same facial expressions, the same mannerisms. She too is now singing and doing well in London. She is known professionally as Marion Harris, Jr. When I called to invite her to dine, she was gracious, but naturally she could not know what was going through my mind as I sat opposite her. It was just like sitting opposite her mother—the same light gay voice. I would never tell her what I would give if she were only her mother. She was more fun than anyone I ever knew—happier in love, quicker to laugh, and with all of her poise and beauty she was half childlike in her eager interest in everything. She never was bored. But all of this I kept to myself as I sat there watching Mary Ellen, who is so much like her mother. Of course, Mary Ellen thinks of me only as an old friend of her mother's of years ago."

Cesar might be quite mistaken. Mary Ellen might well regard him, like every woman who meets him, off-screen or sees him in pictures, as a most arresting and fascinating bachelor. But Cesar smiled and said, "No, of course not."

For those few moments he had disclosed what was in his heart, and now he was eager to end it. He seemed almost embarrassed and concluded, "That is it. I shall never marry. Never. Why, all of my friends, the people I've known all of these years in Hollywood—out of

all of them, only one couple is still married: Julie and George Murphy. They've all tried. Believe me, they have tried. No one tried to make a success of their marriage more than Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling. But when two wonderful people can't get along, then it is better that they separate. The tragic side is the ending when they feel that they have failed their child, because they could not make the adjustment to each other's temperaments.

"Ann is such a wonderful girl," Cesar said. "She has been so ill this past year, and with the illness came the customary melancholy, typical with the nature of her illness. I was at the same hospital for an appendectomy and I could hear poor little Ann sobbing heart-brokenly from her room down the corridor. I'd hobble down and sit with her trying to offer friendship and encouragement for her recovery and boost her morale. And Bob is certainly a fine fellow. I received a happy letter from him in London. I introduced him to Clinton Stonier's (*the Sunset Haberdasher*) daughter, Beverly. She is a beautiful girl, and for a while I thought it might become a serious thing."

According to Cesar, the average couple in Hollywood really try harder than the average American newlyweds to make a success of marriage. The reason being they have many more obstacles to surmount, living in the scope of gossip columns who pick up the slightest misunderstandings to herald as divorce rumors. Then there are the hazards of independence, irregular working hours, too much money, inflation of egos through high-powered publicity, and the demands of the limelight.

"Most of the girls in Hollywood are just like all women; they prefer to have a husband who loves them and who shares their life. But you take the big stars; they are dominant personalities. No matter how much they try not too—soon they are dominating home life and their husbands. If a guy rebels, stands up for his manly rights, there is conflict and friction. If he doesn't he becomes a beaten-down-person that they can no longer respect. That's the way it is. Virginia Bruce is an intelligent girl. I saw her and her Ali Ipar with their small son, Christopher, in London on their way to Turkey where they will make their home. That is his country and Virginia wisely chose to live his life, because she sincerely wants to be a wife, and not a movie star. Most women eventually have to make that choice.

"London is great—so many American people," Cesar said. "As you know, Ty Power and Linda Christian live down the street from me on Salt Air Avenue in Brentwood. I escorted Linda and Ty's mother, Patia Power, on the opening night of 'Mister Roberts' at the Coliseum Theatre. Ty was great and the show went off like a million. Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the Ben Goetzes, the David Nivens, Beatrice Lily and Helen Hayes were in the audience. It was a great night. There was a big party afterwards given by the producer, but



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(Shown on pages 48 and 49)

#246

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Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.
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S. P. Dunham Co., Trenton, N. J.
Lansburgh & Bros., Washington, D. C.
Crosby & Hill, Wilmington, Del.
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

(For Suzy Perette dress #247 see page 72)

I had an early call the next morning so I took Linda and Patia to the party and left."

"Then why are you so anxious to return to Hollywood?" I asked. "To escape seeing Mary Ellen?"

"Mary Ellen never gives me a thought," Cesar replied. "Don't misunderstand, I have no crush on Mary Ellen—just the woman who was so like her years ago."

And then with finality, as though the subject was closed for once and all—"This Rome—what a place. I told my cousin I'd like to go swimming. We went down to the railroad station to catch the train for Anzio Beach. We boarded the nine o'clock train at eleven. After sitting two hours, we were told it

was scheduled to leave at one. All of the Italian families aboard were opening their lunch boxes and eating their sandwiches and salami and fruit. But then perhaps that is the way to live, leisurely, that is if you haven't any place to go in a hurry."

That afternoon I called Cesar to ask him how he was feeling.

"I'm going out to get a breath of fresh air," he said. "Want to go for a ride in a carriage up Via Veneto?"

I thought that would be fun and agreed. But once we were in the carriage, the streets filled. People followed us like a parade. "Signor Romero," they yelled in salute. Cesar went cheerfully on his way, a bachelor, fancy free and unattached.

Post-Holiday Pickups

Continued from page 51

the ingratiating capacity to destroy the assorted millions of bacteria we humans habitually carry around on ourselves as germ-breeders and the source of body perspiration odor. That's remarkable enough in itself, but the point you really can go all out on is that the soap is so ruthless where bacteria is concerned yet so kind to your one and only skin. Fresh Soap doesn't have any pungent medicinal smell either to draw attention to your pristine condition or conflict with your favorite perfume.

NOW that we're all giving each other home permanents every few months it becomes increasingly important to use the gentlest, non-drying shampoo possible. Helene Curtis' new Shampoo Whip, through its unusual processing, manages to incorporate a really helpful proportion of lanolin in its formula. In addition to this hair-pampering quality, the shampoo is equipped to do an impressively thorough job of cleansing. Packed under pressure in an unbreakable container that provides no hazard if your slippery hands drop it in the course of a shampoo, the whip comes to you in the form of activated lather. The system is to press the nozzle on top of the container just long enough to squirt out a blob of Shampoo Whip about the size of a plum. For your second lathering even less is needed. One tin of Shampoo Whip should keep your crowning glory in a state of glistening perfection for six months.

IN THESE harsher winter months, complexions have a discouraging tendency to develop flakiness, even tiny lines, unless you lean heavily on the lubricating qualities of such a day-long skin protector as the House of Westmore's Cream Make-up. Perhaps you hadn't thought of a tinted make-up base as anything but a dependable ally in creating a smoother, prettier and more lasting make-up. Trust the Westmores to pack these attributes and even more long-lived virtues into your little round box of Cream Make-up. For one thing, their cream make-up was created espe-

cially for dry skins and has therefore a rich lanolin base for prolonged protection. The color is thoroughly mixed with this lanolin base to add tone and a flattering texture to your complexion. Use face powder over the cream make-up for a mat finish—skip it if you prefer an outdoorsy, fresh look.

ARRIVING on your favorite cosmetic counter just as you read these lines is Tussy's Medicated Lotion. This special formula deals specifically with the bumps and blemishes that plague adolescent skins and intermittently afflict most others. You can use Medicated Lotion on individual spots or apply it evenly as you would any powder foundation. As a matter of fact, by reducing oiliness, it makes a particularly desirable powder base for excessively oily skins. There are two shades keyed to blend with the majority of skin tones. One is a delicate rosy rachel to use under the lighter shades of face powder—Shade 2 has a deeper glow and should be worn under darker powder.

THE big news from Richard Hudnut has to do with their Home Permanent—a new Neutralizer Booster to be used with the regular Richard Hudnut Neutralizer that comes in the wave kit. The Booster is packed in a separate envelope and is to be added to the regular solution to speed up and strengthen the permanizing of your waves and curls. You'll find this new beauty bonus in all the Hudnut Wave or Refill kits from now on.

NO ONE yet has succeeded in dreaming up anything to take the place of a really good complexion brush—the kind that gets in and at those trouble spots around your nose and mouth. The Prophylactic Brush Company is making a new one with silk-like prolon bristles—soft enough for a sensitive skin yet sturdy enough to cleanse and stimulate. The brush is small and conveniently egg-shaped—comes with a plastic back in ivory, light pink and blue.

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